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THE
REMAINS
OF
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

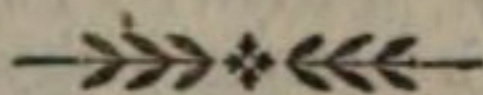
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THE
REMAINS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CAMPE'S EDITION.

NURNBERG AND NEW-YORK

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LINES AND NOTE BY LORD BYRON.
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

Unhappy ~~White~~ *)! ~~while life was~~ in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science 'self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

*) Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

A C C O U N T
OF THE
LIFE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

It fell to my lot to publish, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Cottle, the first collected edition of the works of Chatterton, in whose history I felt a more than ordinary interest, as being a native of the same city, familiar from my childhood with those great objects of art and nature by which he had been so deeply impressed, and devoted from my childhood with equal ardour to the same pursuits. It is now my fortune to lay before the world some account of one whose early death is not less to be lamented, as a loss to English literature, and whose virtues were as admirable as his genius. In the present instance there is nothing to be recorded, but what is honourable to himself and to the age in which he lived; little to be regretted, but that one so ripe for heaven should so soon have been removed from the world.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. His father was a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, is of a respectable Staffordshire family.

From the years of three till five, Henry learnt to read at the school of Mrs. Garrington; whose name, unimportant as it may appear, is mentioned because she had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity and spoke of what it promised with confidence. She was an excellent woman, and he describes her with affection in his poem

upon Childhood. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which every thing else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, "Henry, my love, come to dinner;" which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him." When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feeling. And perhaps, no forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great.

When Henry was about six, he was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept, at that time, the best school in Nottingham. Here he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's. It was considered as a great thing for him to be at so good a school, yet there were some circumstances which rendered it less advantageous to him than it might have been. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her husband's intention of breeding him up to his own business; and by an arrangement which took up too much of his time, and would have crushed his spirit, if that "mounting spirit" could have been crushed, one whole day in the week, and his leisure hours on the others, were employed in carrying the butcher's basket. Some differences at length arose between his father

and Mr. Blanchard, in consequence of which Henry was removed.

One of the ushers, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to make the lad do any thing. This information made his friends very uneasy: they were dispirited about him; and had they relied wholly upon this report, the stupidity or malice of this man would have blasted Henry's progress for ever. He was, however, placed under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who soon discovered that he was a boy of quick perception, and very admirable talents; and came with joy, like a good man, to relieve the anxiety and painful suspicions of his family.

While his schoolmasters were complaining that they could make nothing of him, he discovered what Nature had made him, and wrote satires upon them. These pieces were never shown to any, except his most particular friends, who say that they were pointed and severe. They are enumerated in the table of contents to one of his manuscript volumes, under the title of School-Lampoons; but, as was to be expected, he had cut the leaves out and destroyed them.

One of his poems written at this time, and under these feelings, is preserved.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT
MORNING IN SPRING.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.
But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,

And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile, must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

About this time his mother was induced, by the advice of several friends, to open a Ladies' Boarding and Day School in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations, and Henry's home-comforts were thus materially increased, though it was still out of the power of his family to give him that education and direction in life which his talents deserved and required.

It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place; and at the age of fourteen he was placed

in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it; but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear *). His mother,

*) His temper and tone of mind at this period, when he was in his fourteenth year, are displayed in this extract from an Address to Contemplation.

Thee do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee. — Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony; that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I may taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, oh; I was not made for money-getting;
For me no much-respected plume awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied. — For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictured,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With ev'ry wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction: yea, amid
The busy, bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.

however, secretly felt that he was worthy of better things: to her he spoke more openly; he could not bear, he said, the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings; he wanted *something to occupy his brain*, and he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in any thing except one of the learned professions. These frequent complaints, after a year's application, or rather misapplication, (as his brother says,) at the loom, convinced her that he had a mind destined for nobler pursuits.

To one so situated, and with nothing but his own talents and exertions to depend upon, the Law

Aye, contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth
I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale,
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn;
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompence
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic,
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
But it has now assumed its character;
Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
Yet still, oh, Contemplation! I do love
To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along
The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
When, with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy; where, with thee,
I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy! — Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on earth;
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good.

seemed to be the only practicable line. His affectionate and excellent mother made every possible effort to effect his wishes, his father being very averse to the plan; and at length, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attornies and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him, he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled; so that, though he entered this office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

On his thus entering the law, it was recommended to him by his employers, that he should endeavour to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had now only the little time which an attorney's office, in very extensive practice, afforded; but great things may be done in "those hours of leisure which even the busiest may create *), „ and to his ardent mind no obstacles were too discouraging. He received some instruction in the first rudiments of this language from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollett, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke. If he received any other assistance it was very trifling; yet, in the course of ten months, he enabled himself to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek, which indeed he began first. He used to exercise himself in declining the Greek nouns and verbs as he was going to and from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family; even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement. He had a little room given him,

*) Turner's Preface to the History of the Anglo-Saxons.

which was called his study; and here his milk supper was taken up to him; for, to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family, though earnestly entreated so to do, as his mother already began to dread the effects of this severe and unremitting application. The law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry, as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for any thing else. Greek and Latin were the next objects: at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies. Some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the piano-forte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics; and all the fittings-up of his study were the work of his own hands.

At a very early age, indeed soon after he was taken from school, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society then existing in Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth. After repeated attempts and repeated failures, he succeeded in his wish, through the exertions of some of his friends, and was elected. There were six Professors in this Society; and, upon the first vacancy, he was appointed to the chair of Literature. It may well appear strange that a Society, in so large a town as Nottingham, instituted for the purpose of acquiring and diffusing knowledge, and respectable enough to be provided with a good philosophical apparatus, should have chosen a boy, in the fifteenth year of his age, to deliver lectures to them upon general literature. The first subject upon which he held forth was Genius. Having taken a day to consider the subject, he spoke upon it extempore, and harangued

for two hours and three quarters: yet, instead of being wearied, his hearers passed an unanimous resolution, "That the most sincere thanks be given to the Professor for his most instructive and entertaining lecture; at the same time assuring him, that the Society never had the pleasure of hearing a better lecture delivered from that chair, which he so much honoured:," and they then elected him one of their committee. There are certain courts at Nottingham, in which it is necessary for an attorney to plead; and he wished to qualify himself for a speaker as well as a sound lawyer.

With the profession in which he was placed he was well pleased, and suffered no pursuit, numerous as his pursuits were, to interfere in the slightest degree with its duties. Yet he soon began to have higher aspirations, and to cast a wistful eye toward the Universities, with little hope of ever attaining their important advantages, yet probably not without some, however faint. There was at this time a magazine in publication, called the Monthly Preceptor, which proposed prize-themes for boys and girls to write upon; and which was encouraged by many schoolmasters, some of whom, for their own credit, and that of the important instructions in which they were placed, ought to have known better than to encourage it. But in schools, and in all practical systems of education, emulation is made the mainspring, as if there were not enough of the leaven of disquietude in our natures, without innoculating it with this dilutement — this *vaccine virus* of envy. True it is, that we need encouragement in youth; that though our vices spring up and thrive in shade and darkness, like poisonous fungi, our better powers require light and air; and that praise is the sunshine, without which genius will wither, fade, and die; or rather in search of which, like a plant that is debarred from it, will push forth in contortions and deformity. But such practices as that of writing for public prizes, of publicly declaiming, and of enacting plays before the neighbouring gentry, teach boys to look for applause instead of being satisfied with approbation, and foster in them that vanity which needs

no such cherishing. This is administering stimulents to the heart, instead of "feeding it with food convenient for it;" and the effect of such stimulants is to dwarf the human mind, as lap-dogs are said to be stopt in their growth by being dosed with gin. Thus *forced*, it becomes like the sapling which shoots up when it should be striking its roots far and deep, and which therefore never attains to more than a sapling's size.

To Henry, however, the opportunity of distinguishing himself, even in the Juvenile Library, was useful; if he had acted with a man's foresight, he could not have done more wisely than by aiming at every distinction within his little sphere. At the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper he read to them his performance, to which seven pages were granted in the magazine, though they had limited the allowance of room to three. Shortly afterwards he won several books for exercises on different subjects. Such honours were of great importance to him; they were testimonies of his ability, which could not be suspected of partiality, and they prepared his father to regard with less reluctance that change in his views and wishes which afterwards took place. It appears by a letter written soon after he had completed his fifteenth year, that many of his pieces in prose and verse, under feigned signatures, had gained admission in the various magazines of the day, more particularly in the Monthly Magazine and the Monthly Visitor: "In prosaic composition," he says, "I never had one article refused; in poetic many." — "I am conscious," he observes, at this time, to his brother, "that if I chose, I could produce poems infinitely superior to any you have yet seen of mine; but I am so indolent, and at the same time so much engaged, that I cannot give the time and attention necessary for the formation of correct and accurate pieces." Less time and attention are necessary for correcting prose, and this

may be one reason why, contrary to the usual process, a greater prematurity is discernible in his prose than in his metrical compositions. "The reason," he says, "of the number of erasures and corrections in my letter is, that it contains a rough transcript of the state of my mind, without my having made any sketch on another paper. When I sit down to write, ideas crowd into my mind too fast for utterance upon paper. Some of them I think too precious to be lost, and for fear their impressions should be effaced, I write as rapidly as possible. This accounts for my bad writing."

He now became a correspondent in the *Monthly Mirror*, a magazine which first set the example of typographical neatness in periodical publications, which has given the world a good series of portraits, and which deserves praise also on other accounts, having among its contributors some persons of extensive erudition and acknowledged talents. Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing-boats, which the Buccaneers of Literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy: young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable. Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the *Juvenile Preceptor* might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the *Monthly Mirror* attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, a gentleman who was himself a lover of English literature, and who possessed one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might either, by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for holy orders. For, though so far was he

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from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the Bar, a deafness, to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to perclude all possibility of advancement; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to infidelity, had now taken a strong devotional bias.

Henry was earnestly advised to obtain, if possible some patroness for his book, whose rank in life, and notoriety in the literary world, might afford it some protection. The days of such dedications are happily well nigh at an end; but this was of importance to him, as giving his little volume consequence in the eyes of his friends and townsmen. The Countess of Derby was first applied to, and the manuscript was submitted to her perusal. She returned it with a refusal, upon the ground that it was an invariable rule with her never to accept a compliment of the kind; but this refusal was couched in language as kind as it was complimentary, and he felt more pleasure at the kindness which it expressed, than disappointment at the failure of his application: a 2l. note was inclosed as her subscription to the work. The Margravine of Ansbach was also thought of. There is among his papers the draught of a letter addressed to her upon the subject, but I believe it was never sent. He was then recommended to apply to the Duchess of Devonshire. Poor Henry felt a fit repugnance at courting patronage in this way, but he felt that it was of consequence in his little world, and submitted; and the manuscript was left with a letter, at Devonshire House, as it had been with the Countess of Derby. Some time elapsed, and no answer arrived from her Grace; and, as she was known to be pestered with such applications, apprehensions began to be entertained for the safety of the papers. His brother Neville (who was now settled in London) called several times; of course he never obtained an interview: the case at last became desperate, and he went with a determination not to quit the house till he had obtained

them. After waiting four hours in the servants' hall, his perseverance conquered their idle insolence, and he got possession of the manuscript. And here he, as well as his brother, sick of "dancing attendance," upon the great, would have relinquished all thoughts of the dedication, but they were urged to make one more trial: — a letter to her Grace was procured, with which Neville obtained audience, wisely leaving the manuscript at home: and the Duchess, with her usual good nature, gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her. Accordingly her name appeared in the title-page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due Marocco livery, — of which no notice was ever taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book, otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author. Oh, what a lesson would the history of that heart hold out!

Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing Reviews, and accompanied it with a letter, wherein he stated what his disadvantages had been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804.

Monthly Review, February, 1804.

"The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must, in some measure, disarm criticism. We have been informed that Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in the pursuit of knowledge under the discouragements of penury and misfortune, and now hopes, by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and

application who merit encouragement; and it would be gratifying to us to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron, for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university. A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case, might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but, as a book which is to "win its way" on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it something to commend, and he shall not be disappointed: we commend his exertions, and his laudable endeavours to excel; but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry."

"Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

"Here would I run, a visionary *Boy*,
When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *Sky*,
And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm."

"If Mr. White should be instructed by Almatrater, he will, doubtless, produce better sense and better rhymes."

I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy: his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill humour, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that *Boy* and *Sky*, were not orthodox rhymes, according to his wise canons of criticism, sat down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him, (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review,) even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so: he would have avoided censure, if he had found it impossible to bestow praise. But that the reader may perceive the wicked injustice, as well as the cruelty of this reviewal,

a few specimens of the volume, thus contemptuously condemned because *Boy* and *Sky* are used as rhymes in it, shall be inserted in this place.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY *).

1.

Sweet scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

2.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

3.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

TO THE MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Beams of the day-break faint! I hail
 Your dubious hues, as on the robe
 Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
 I mark your traces pale.
 Tired with the taper's sickly light,
 And with the wearying, number'd night,
 I hail the streaks of morn divine:
 And lo! they break between the dewy wreaths
 That round my rural casement twine:
 The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes;
 It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
 And cherily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
 She leaves her grassy nest,
 And soars till the *unrisen sun*
 Gleams on her speckled breast.
 Now let me leave my restless bed,
 And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
 Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
 By many a green lane lies my way,
 Where high o'er head the wild briars bend,
 Till on the mountain's summit grey,
 I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heav'n! the soft refreshing gale
 It breathes into my breast!
 My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
 Is with new colours drest.
 Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
 Come thou too on the balmy breeze,
 Invigorate my frame:
 I'll join with thee the buskin'd chace,
 With thee the distant clime will trace,
 Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
 In all the varied view!
 Before me all is burnish'd gold,
 Behind the twilight's hue.

The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state,
They shun the clear blue face of Morn
Along the fine cerulean sky,
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds
adorn.

And hark! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of Sloth
Luxurious to lie?

Who would not from life's dreary waste
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
To ope on him no more,
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile;
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whispering willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless
night.

An author is proof against reviewing, when,
like myself, he has been reviewed some seventy
times; but the opinion of a reviewer, upon his

first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the editor to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next number:

Monthly Review, March, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labours we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamentations, of many disappointed authors; but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White, of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulations are written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathize, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation; but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did "judge of the book by the book itself;" excepting only, that, from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust that, like Mr. Giffard, (see preface to his translation of Juvenal,) some Mr. Cookesley may yet appear to foster a capacity which endeavours to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of mind."

Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer; the answer has none of the common-place and vulgar insolence of the cri-

ticism: but to have made any concession would have been admitting that a review can do wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

The poems which had been thus condemned, appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shown them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better proofs of it; and their opinion coincided with my own. I was indignant at the injustice of this pretended criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry, to encourage him; told him, that though I was well aware how imprudent it was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him: advised him, therefore, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the undertaking. To this he replied in the following letter: —

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all others the most important) treated me, threw me into a state of stupefaction; I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and I thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic genius, when in fact I had only the longing, without the *afflatus*. I mustered resolution enough, however, to write spiritedly to them: their answer in the ensuing number was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too unsparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable; and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity — the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement

to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me.

“With regard to your advice and offers of assistance, I will not attempt, because I am unable, to thank you for them. To-morrow morning I depart for Cambridge; and I have considerable hopes that, as I do not enter into the University with any sinister or interested views, but sincerely desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind, I therefore have hopes, I say, that I shall find means of support *in the University*. If I do not, I shall certainly act in pursuance of your recommendations; and shall, without hesitation, avail myself of your offers of service, and of your directions.

“In a short time this will be determined; and when it is, I shall take the liberty of writing to you at Kewstich, to make you acquainted with the result.

“I have only one objection to publishing by subscription, and I confess it has weight with me; — it is, that, in this step, I shall seem to be acting upon the advice so unfeelingly and contumeliously given by the Monthly Reviewers, who say what is equal to this — that had I gotten a subscription for my poems before their merit was known, I might have succeeded; provided, it seems, I had made a *particular statement of my case*; like a beggar who stands with his hat in one hand, and a full account of his cruel treatment on the coast of Barbary in the other, and so gives you his penny sheet for your sixpence, by way of half-purchase, half-charity.

“I have materials for another volume; but they were written principally while Clifton Grove was in the press, or soon after, and do not now at all satisfy me. Indeed, of late, I have been obliged to desist, almost entirely, from converse with the dames of Helicon. The drudgery of an attorney’s office, and the necessity of preparing myself, in case I should succeed in getting to college, in what

little leisure I could boast, left no room for the flights of the imagination."

In another letter he speaks, in still stronger terms, of what he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism:

"The unfavourable review (in the "Monthly") of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my work is worthless; and this with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me: this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps: it haunts me incessantly; and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham."

It is not unworthy of remark, that this very review, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been, in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name in a few years have been forgotten.

I have stated that his opinions were, at one time, inclining towards deism: it needs not be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded: while they are confined to matters of speculation, they indicate, whatever their eccentricities, only an active mind; and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality, that they show something wrong at heart. One little poem of Henry's Remains, which was written in this unsettled state of mind, exhibits much of his character, and can excite no feelings towards him, but such as are favourable.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

ADDRESSED (DURING ILLNESS) TO A LADY.

Dear Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
 To give you a sketch — aye, a sketch of myself.
 'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
 And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
 But however, here goes, and, as sure as a gun,
 I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun;
 For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
 She won't be a cynical father confessor.
 Come, come, 'twill not do! put that purling brow
 down;

You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
 Well, first, I premise, it's my honest conviction,
 That my breast is the chaos of all contradiction;
 Religious — deistic, — now loyal and warm;
 Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform;
This moment a fop, *that*, sententious as Titus;
 Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
 Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle;
 Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;
 Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
 To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
 But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild;
 As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
 Then as for politeness — oh! dear — I'm a brute!
 I shew no respect where I never can feel it;
 And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it;
 And so in the suit, by these laudable ends,
 I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
 That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd like
 steel.

It can love (can it not?) — it can hate, I am sure;
 And it's friendly enough, though in friends it be poor.
 For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
 If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the *seeds*:
 And though far from faultness, or even so-so,
 I think it may pass as our wordly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss
 Then as to my virtues I'm quite at a loss.
 I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
 But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
 I'm a *general lover*, if that's commendation,
 And yet can't withstand *you know whose* fascination.
 But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
 In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
 So as for the *good*, why, if I possess it,
 I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
 And after your every art you have tried,
 Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
 Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
 I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I'm clear!
 And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
 And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
 'Tis now when I swear — — — * *

At this time, when Henry doubted the truth of Christianity, and professed a careless indifference concerning it, which he was far from feeling, it happened that one of his earliest and most intimate friends, Mr. Almond, was accidentally present at a death-bed, and was so struck with what he then saw of the power and influence, and inestimable value of religion, that he formed a firm determination to renounce all such pursuits as were not strictly compatible with it. That he might not be shaken in this resolution, he withdrew from the society of all those persons whose ridicule or censure he feared; and was particularly careful to avoid Henry of whose raillery he stood most in dread. He anxiously shunned him therefore; till Henry, who would not suffer an intimacy of long standing to be broken off he knew not why, called upon his friend, and desired to know the cause of this unaccountable conduct towards himself and their common acquaintance.

Mr. Almond, who had received him with trembling and reluctance, replied to this expostulation, that a total change had been effected in his religious views, and that he was prepared to defend

his opinions and conduct, if Henry would allow the Bible to be the word of truth and the standard of appeal. Upon this, Henry exclaimed in a tone of strong emotion:— "Good God, you surely regard me in a worse light than I deserve!"— His friend proceeded to say, that what he had said was from a conviction that they had no common ground on which to contend, Henry having more than once suggested, that the book of *Isaiah* was an *epic*, and that of *Job* a *dramatic*, poem. He then stated what the change was which had taken place in his own views and intentions, and the motives for his present conduct. From the manner in which Henry listened, it became evident that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was no-ways satisfied with himself. His friend, therefore, who had expected to be assailed in a tone of triumphant superiority by one in the pride and youthful confidence of great intellectual powers, and, as yet, ignorant of his own ignorance, found himself unexpectedly called upon to act the monitor; and, putting into his hands Scott's "Force of Truth," which was lying on the table, entreated him to take it with him, and peruse it at his leisure.

The book produced little effect, and was returned with disapprobation. Men differ as much in mind as in countenance: some are to be awakened by passionate exhortation, or vehement reproof, appealing to their fears and exciting their imagination; others yield to force of argument, or, upon slow enquiry, to the accumulation of historical testimony and moral proofs; there are others, in whom the innate principle of our nature retains more of its original strength, and these are led by their inward monitor into the way of peace. Henry was of this class. His intellect might have been on the watch to detect a flaw in evidence, a defective argument, or an illogical inference; but, in his heart, he felt that there is no happiness, no rest, without religion; and in him who becomes willing to believe, the root of infidelity is destroyed. Mr. Almond was about to enter at Cambridge: on the evening before his departure for the University, Henry requested that he would accompany

him to the little room, which was called his study. "We had no sooner entered," says Mr. Almond, "than he burst into tears, and declared that his anguish of mind was insupportable. He entreated that I would kneel down and pray for him; and most cordially were our tears and supplications mingled at that interesting moment. When I took my leave, he exclaimed: — "What must I do! — You are the only friend to whom I can apply in this agonizing state, and you are about to leave me. My literary associates are all inclined to deism. I have no one with whom I can communicate!"

A new pursuit was thus opened to him, and he engaged in it with his wonted ardour. "It was a constant feature in his mind," says Mr. Pigott, "to persevere in the pursuit of what he deemed noble and important. Religion, in which he now appeared to himself not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxiety, as of all concerns the most important. He could not rest satisfied till he had formed his principles upon the basis of Christianity, and till he had begun in earnest to think and act agreeably to its pure and heavenly precepts. His mind loved to make distant excursions into the future and remote consequences of things. He no longer limited his views to the narrow confines of earthly existence; he was not happy till he had learnt to rest and expatiate in a world to come. What he said to me when we became intimate is worthy of observation: that, he said, which first made him dissatisfied with the creed he had adopted, and the standard of practice which he had set up for himself, was the *purity of mind* which he perceived was every where inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and required of every one who would become a successful candidate for future blessedness. He had supposed that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he observed that purity of the very *thoughts* and *intentions* of the soul also was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his penitence but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind; and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient

for resisting evil, but the aid of God's spirit, promised to those who seek them from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

From the moment when he had fully contracted these opinions, he was resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them; and therefore to leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect; his mind was unalterably fixed, and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled: his entrance and continuance in the profession had been a great expense to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed; but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the university were such as he might reasonably trust to; but, till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Dashwood, a clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted himself in his favour: he had a friend at Queen's college, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman, on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these hopes were held out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for

the benefit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea-coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favourite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of this poem; the islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep; and the little hut wherein he had sat for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night was far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder-storm at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends. Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother: "All my hopes," said he, "of getting to the University are now blasted; in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up, and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavour to recover what I have lost." The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one, was Henry undutiful, and neither commands, nor tears

nor entreaties, could check his desperate and deadly ardour. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle: as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep while she was in the room; then, when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

"The night," says Henry, in one of his letters "has been every thing to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night-images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant in my verses." During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!

Not in thy terrors clad;

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;

Thy chastening rod but terrifies

The restless and the bad.

But I recline

Beneath thy shrine,

And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress
twine.

Though Fancy flies away

Before thy hollow tread,

Yet Meditation, in her cell,

Hears with faint eye, the lingering knell,

That tells her hopes are dead;

And though the tear

By chance appear,

Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come,

Though from Hope's summit hurl'd

Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,

For thou severe wert sent from heaven

To wean me from the world:

To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun — a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her
pall.

The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day:
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;

Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I dream no more — the vision flies away,
 And Disappointment * * * *
 There fell my hopes — I lost my all in this,
 My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
 Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
 Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe.
 Plunge me in glooms * * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits: he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery he wrote the following lines in the churchyard of his favourite village.

LINES

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD ON RECOVERY
 FROM SICKNESS.

Here would I wish to sleep. — This is the spot
 Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
 Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
 Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
 It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
 From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
 To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
 Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
 And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
 Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did Gray
 Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.
 Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
 For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
 And here I may repose in silent ease;
 And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
 My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find

The haven of its rest — beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth worm
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass-o'ergrown,
Swathed down with oziars, just as sleep the cotters.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison — no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspired they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round
And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes,

And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where even cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?)—yet still my
spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

His friends are of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution then sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware that he was generating or fostering in himself another disease little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favour, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, and with this he was induced to go to Cambridge. His friend Almond, who had recently entered at Trinity College, had already endeavoured to interest in his behalf some persons who might be able to assist him in the great object of his desire, that of passing through the University, and qualifying himself for holy orders. It is neither to be wondered at, nor censured, that his representations, where he had an opportunity of making them, were for the most part coldly received.

They who have been most conversant with youth best understand how little the promises of early genius are to be relied upon: it is among the mortifying truths which we learn from experience; and no common spirit of benevolence is required to overcome the chilling effect of repeated disappointments. He found, however, encouragement from two persons, whose names have since become well known. Mr. Dealtry, then one of the mathematical lecturers at Trinity, was one. This gentleman, whom the love of the abstract sciences had not rendered intolerant of other pursuits more congenial to youthful imaginations, consented to look at Henry's poem of "*Time*," a manuscript of which was in Almond's possession. The perusal interested him greatly: he entered with his wonted benignity into the concerns of the author: and would gladly have befriended him, if the requisite assistance had not just at that time been secured from other quarters.

The other person in whom Mr. Almond excited an interest for his friend was *Henry Martyn*, who has since sacrificed his life in the missionary service; he was then only a few years older than Henry; equally ardent, equally devout, equally enthusiastic. He heard with emotion of this kindred spirit: read some of his letters, and undertook to enter his name upon the boards of St. Johns, (of which college he was a fellow,) saying that a friend in London, whose name he was not at liberty to communicate, had empowered him to assist any deserving young man with thirty pounds a year during his stay at the University. To ensure success, one of Henry's letters were transmitted to this unknown friend; and Martyn was not a little surprised and grieved, to learn in reply, that a passage in that letter seemed to render it doubtful whether the writer were a Churchman or a Dissenter; and, therefore, occasioned a demur as to the propriety of assisting him. Just at this time Henry arrived at Cambridge, with an introduction to Mr. Simeon. That gentleman being in correspondence with Martyn's friend in London, expressed displeasure at his arrival; but the first in-

terview removed all objection. Mr. Simeon, from Mr. Dashwood's recommendation, and from what he saw of his principles and talents, promised to procure for him a sizarship at St. John's, and, with the additional aid of a friend, to supply him with 30l. annually. His brother Neville promised twenty; and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through college. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox Dissenters.

On his return to Nottingham, the Rev. — — Robinson of Leicester, and some other friends, advised him to apply to the Elland Society for assistance, conceiving that it would be less oppressive to his feelings to be dependant on a Society, instituted for the express purpose of training up such young men as himself (that is, such in circumstances and opinions) for the ministry, than on the bounty of an individual. In consequence of this advice he went to Elland at the next meeting of the Society, a stranger there, and without one friend among the members. He was examined, for several hours, by about five-and-twenty clergymen, as to his religious views and sentiments, his theological knowledge, and his classical attainments. In the course of the enquiry it appeared that he had published a volume of poems: their questions now began to be very unpleasantly inquisitive concerning the nature of these poems, and he was assailed by queries from all quarters. It was well for Henry that they did not think of referring to the Monthly Review for authority. My letter to him happened to be in his pocket; he luckily recollected this, and produced it as a testimony in his favour. They did me the honour to say that it was quite sufficient, and pursued this part of their enquiry no farther. Before he left Elland, he was given to understand, that they were well satisfied with his theological knowledge; that they thought his classical proficiency prodigious for his age, and that they had placed him on their books. He returned little pleased with his journey.

His friends had been mistaken: the bounty of an individual calls forth a sense of kindness as well as of dependance; that of a Society has the virtue of charity, perhaps, but it wants the grace. He now wrote to Mr. Simeon, stating what he had done, and that the beneficence of his unknown friends was no longer necessary: but that gentleman obliged him to decline the assistance of the Society, which he very willingly did.

This being finally arranged, he quitted his employers in October 1804. How much he had conducted himself to their satisfaction, will appear by this testimony of Mr. Enfield, to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me during the period of his connection with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardour for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of every thing which was entrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed, either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he laboured, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert, that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

I may here add, as at the same time showing Henry's aspirations after fame and the principles by which he had learnt to regulate his ambition,

that on the cover of one of his common-place books he had written these mottoes:

*ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΜΟΥΣΑ ΚΑΙ
ΗΜΙΝ.*

EURIP. *Medea*. 1091.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delight, and live laborious days.

MILTON'S *Lycidas*, 70.

Under these lines was placed a reference to the following extract (in another page,) from Barrow: "The Holy Scripture does not teach us to slight honour; but rather, in its fit order and just measure, to love and prove it. It directs us not to make a regard thereto our chief principle; not to propound it as our main end of action. It charges us, to bear contentedly the want or loss thereof, as of other temporal goods: yea, in some cases, for conscience-sake, or for God's service, (that is, for a good incomparably better,) it obliges us willingly to prostitute and sacrifice it, choosing rather to be infamous than impious; in disgrace with man, rather than in disfavour with God. It, in fine, commands us to seek and embrace it only in subordination, and with final reference to God's honour."

Mr. Simeon had advised him to *degrade* for a year, and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. — — Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine; these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a-day: the progress which he made in twelve months was indeed astonishing. When he went to Cambridge,

he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as his genius: but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as a hot-house to ripen them *).

During his first term one of the university-scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in college, and almost self taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a candidate for it. He past the whole term in preparing himself for this, reading for college-subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline: but this was not the only misfortune. The general college-examination came on! he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear: the disorder returned; and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to sup-

*) During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a Sunday School which I was endeavouring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children; and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased, and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight.

port it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honours as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honours have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame, crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the Senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty.

When this was over he went to London. London was a new scene of excitement, — and what his mind required was tranquillity and rest. Before he left college, he had become anxious concerning his expenses, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms, to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little, I found among his papers the day thus planned out: — "Rise at half past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, etc. and dinner, and Wollaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading — three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions: —

"I will never be in bed after six.

I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.

I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.

I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.

I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit mihi gratia addita ad haec facienda."

About this time, judging by the hand-writing, he wrote down the following admonitory sentences, which, as the paper on which they are written is folded into the shape of a very small book, it is probable he carried about with him as a manual.

"1. Death and judgment are near at hand.

2. Though thy bodily part be now in health and ease, the dews of death will soon sit upon thy forehead.

3. That which seems so sweet and desirable to thee now, will, if yielded to, become bitterness of soul to thee all thy life after.

4. When the waters are come over thy soul, and when, in the midst of much bodily anguish, thou distinguishest the dim shores of Eternity before thee, what wouldest thou not give to be lighter by this one sin?

5. God has long withheld his arm; what if his forbearance be now at an end? Canst thou not contemplate these things with the eyes of death? Art thou not a dying man, dying every day, every hour?

6. Is it not a fearful thing to shrink from the summons when it comes? — to turn with horror and despair from the future being? Think what strains of joy and tranquillity fall on the ear of the saint who is just swooning into the arms of his Redeemer: what fearful shapes, and dreadful images of a disturbed conscience, surround the sinner's bed, when the last twing which he grasped fails him, and the gulf yawns to receive him.

7. Oh, my soul, if thou art yet ignorant of the enormity of sin, turn thine eyes to the Man who is bleeding to death on the cross! See how the blood, from his pierced hands, trickles down his arms, and the more copious streams from his feet run on the accursed tree, and stain the grass with purple! Behold his features, though scarcely animated with a few remaining sparks of life, yet how full of love, pity, and tranquillity! A tear is trickling down his cheek, and his lip quivers. — He is praying for his murderers! O, my soul! it is thy Redeemer — it is thy God! And this, too,

for *Sin* — for *Sin*! and wilt thou ever again submit to its yoke?

8. Remember that the grace of the Holy Spirit of God is ready to save thee from transgression. It is always at hand: thou canst not sin without wilfully rejecting its aid.

9. And is there real pleasure in sin? Thou knowest there is not. But there is pleasure, pure and exquisite pleasure, in holiness. The Holy Ghost can make the paths of religion and virtue, hard as they seem, and thorny, ways of pleasantness and peace, where, though there be thorns, yet are there also roses; and where all the wounds which we suffer in the flesh, from the hardness of the journey, are so healed by the balm of the Spirit, that they rather give joy than pain..

The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation: he still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great college-examination, and also one of the three best theme-writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of 66*l.* per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter written twelve months before his death. "With regard to my college-expenses, (he says,) I have the pleasure to inform you, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to wave the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of

independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burden, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when, *in the eyes of the world*, the obligation to it has been discharged. Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations; every university-honour was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree; but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable: to his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes, and his good fortune; but to the most intimate of his friends, (Mr. B. Maddock,) his letters told a different tale: to him he complained of dreadful palpitations—of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar entreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the mastership of the free-school at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time mayor of the town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from 4 to 600*l.* per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and

mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

The indulgence shown him by his college, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London to recruit himself, — the worst place to which he could have gone: the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure, Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so: he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family, which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

The will which I had manifested to serve Henry, he had accepted as the deed, and had expressed himself upon the subject in terms which it would have humbled me to read, at any other time than when I was performing the last service to his memory. On his decease, Mr. B. Maddock addressed a letter to me, informing me of the event, as one who had professed an interest in his friend's fortunes. I enquired, in my reply, if there was any

intention of publishing what he might have left, and if I could be of any assistance in the publication: this led to a correspondence with his excellent brother, and the whole of his papers were consigned into my hands, with as many of his letters as could be collected.

These papers (exclusive of the correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, etc. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous: among the earliest was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young; one was upon Boadicea, another upon Inez de Castro; the third was a fictitious subject.

had planned also a History of Nottingham. There was a letter upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended either for the newspapers, or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty, and the Goddess of Reason; with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny: and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seemed to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished composition in prose. Much of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody: he had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.

Had my knowledge of Henry terminated here, I should have hardly believed that my admiration and regret for him could have been increased; but I had yet to learn that his moral qualities, his good sense, and his whole feelings, were as admirable as his industry and genius. All his letters to his family have been communicated to me without reserve, and most of those to his friends. A selection from these is arranged in chronological order in these volumes, which will make him his own biographer, and lay open to the world as pure and as excellent a heart, as it ever pleased the Almighty to warm with life. Much has been suppressed, which, if Henry had been like Chatterton, of another generation, I should willingly have published, and the world would willingly have received! but in doing honour to the dead, I have been scrupulously careful never to forget the living.

It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family: this he instinctively became; and the thorough good sense of his advice is not less remarkable, than the affection with which it is always communicated. To his mother he is as earnest in beseeching her to be careful of her health, as he is in labouring to convince her that his own complaints were abating: his letters to her are always of hopes, of consolation, and of love. To Neville he writes with the most brotherly intimacy, still, however, in that occasional tone of advice which it was his nature to assume, not from any arrogance of superiority, but from earnestness of pure affection. To his younger brother he addresses himself like the tenderest and wisest parent; and to two sisters, then too young for any other communication, he writes to direct their studies, to enquire into their progress, to encourage and to improve them. Such letters as these are not for the public; but they to whom they are addressed will lay them to their hearts like relics, and will find in them a saving virtue, more than ever relics possessed.

With regard to his poems, the criterion for selection was not so plain; undoubtedly many have been chosen which he himself would not have published; and some few which, had he lived to have taken that rank among English poets which would assuredly have been within his reach, I also should then have rejected among his posthumous papers. I have, however, to the best of my judgement, selected none which does not either mark the state of his mind, or its progress, or discover evident proofs of what he would have been, if it had not been the will of Heaven to remove him so soon. The reader, who feels any admiration for Henry, will take some interest in all these remains, because they are his: he who shall feel none must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. Such poems are to be considered as making up his history. But the greater number are of such beauty, that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.

While he was under Mr. Grainger he wrote very little; and when he went to Cambridge he was advised to stifle his poetical fire, for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again. This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few fragments, written chiefly upon the back of his mathematical papers, are all which he produced at the University. The greater part, therefore, of these poems, indeed nearly the whole of them, were written before he was nineteen. Wise as the advice may have been which had been given him, it is now to be regretted that he adhered to it, his latter fragments bearing all those marks of improvement which were to be expected from a mind so rapidly and continually progressive. Frequently he expresses a fear that early death would rob him of his fame; yet, short as his life was, it has been long enough for him to leave works worthy of remembrance. The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that

age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him, — in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring-blossom of his hopes, — just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent. To the young poets who come after him, Henry will be what Chatterton was to him; and they will find in him an example of hopes with regard to worldly fortune, as humble, and as exalted in all better things, as are enjoined equally by wisdom and religion, by the experience of man, and the word of God: and this example will be as encouraging as it is excellent. It has been too much the custom to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices: while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement is, sooner or later, sure to receive it. Of this Henry's history is an honourable proof. The particular patronage which he accepted was given as much to his piety and religious opinions as to his genius: but assistance was offered him from other quarters. Mr. P. Thomson (of Boston, Lincolnshire), merely upon perusing his little volume, wrote to know how he could serve him; and there were many friends of literature who were ready to have afforded him any support which he needed, if he had not been thus provided. In the University he received every encouragement which he merited; and from Mr. Simeon, and his tutor, Mr. Catton, the most fatherly kindness.

"I can venture," says a lady of Cambridge, in a letter to his brother, — "I can venture to say, with certainty, there was no member of the University, however high his rank or talents, who would not have been happy to have availed themselves of the opportunity of being acquainted with

Mr. Henry Kirke White. I mention this to introduce a wish which has been expressed to me so often by the senior members of the University, that I dare not decline the task they have imposed upon me; it is their hope that Mr. Southey will do as much justice to Mr. Henry White's limited wishes, to his unassuming pretensions, and to his rational and fervent piety, as to his various acquirements, his polished taste, his poetical fancy, his undeviating principles, and the excellence of his moral character: and that he will suffer it to be understood, that these inestimable qualities had not been unobserved, nor would they have remained unacknowledged. It was the general observation, that he possessed genius without its eccentricities. Of fervent piety, indeed, his letters, his prayers, and his hymns, will afford ample and interesting proofs. It was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms, which it ever displayed, of human imperfection.

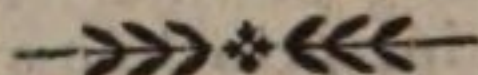
His temper had been irritable in his younger days; but this he had long since effectually overcome; the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared; and it was impossible for any man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. He seldom discovered any sportiveness of imagination, though he would very ably and pleasantly rally any one of his friends for any little peculiarity; his conversation was always sober and to the purpose. That which is most remarkable in him, is his uniform *good sense*, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter Christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever they were known. It would be idle, too, to say what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. These volumes contain what he has

left, immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him that remembrance upon earth for which he toiled.

"Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these — — — —
Are all that must remain of thee!"

WORDSWORTH.

Keswick, 1807.



POEMS,
WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF
CLIFTON GROVE.

CHILDHOOD: A POEM.

This is one of Henry's earliest productions, and appears, by the hand-writing, to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen. The picture of the school-mistress is from nature.

PART I.

Pictur'd in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard, and the village-green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade, 5
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days! 10

Beloved age of innocence and smiles.
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles.
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still find some insect pleasure to pursue.
Blest Childhood, hail! — Thee simply will I sing, 15
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each pleasure now no more,
And every stump familiar to my sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight. 20

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, showed his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise, 25
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore.
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes. 30

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy!
Blest memory, guide, with finger nicely true, 35
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stor'd. 40

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien; 45
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean;
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn. 50
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain, 55
The low vestibule of learning's fane;
Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
While I was first to school reluctant borne: 60
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she try'd

To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd:
And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home where anger never
kept. 65

But soon inur'd to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles!
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight, 70
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought; 75
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife, 80
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through
life.

Where, in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain; 85
Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms, 90
Serenest season of perpetual calms, —
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence when no crime defiles.
But each new object brings attendant smiles; 95
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmixt delight;
To thee I turn from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor, 100
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groupes were
seen,

In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race; 105
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
For banners, to a tall sash we did bind 110
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-stye for a town. 115

Pleas'd with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish geer,
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round, 120
With its beloved monotony of sound.

When tired with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide) —
And wonder at her skill — well known to fame —
For who could match in spinning with the dame? 125
Her sheets, her linen, which she show'd with pride
To strangers, still her thriftiness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactur'd cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well belov'd, our play, 130
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring: 135
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we, 140

Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
 Poor simple wights! ah, little did we ween
 The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
 Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know,
 This world's a world of weeping and of woe! 145

Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
 The first foundation of romantic thought;
 Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
 Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
 Soon stor'd with much of legendary lore, 150
 The sports of Childhood charm'd my soul no more.
 Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
 Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
 I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
 And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid, 155
 While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
 The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
 Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
 To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there. 159

* * * * *

PART II.

There are, who think that Childhood does not share
 With age, the cup, the bitter cup of care:
 Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
 That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind, 5
 Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
 At every step has further cause to know,
 The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast for ever caught
 With some new object for romantic thought, 10
 The impression of the moment quickly flies,
 And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

How different manhood!— then does Thought's
 control

Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
 Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart 15

Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
 And Care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
 Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
 Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence,
 We feel a void no joy can recompense, 20
 And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
 Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
 No forms of future ill salute thy view,
 No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep, 25
 But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep;
 And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
 Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife.
 Yet e'en round Childhood's heart, a thoughtless
 shrine,
 Affection's little thread will ever twine; 30
 And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
 The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
 Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
 When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
 Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast, 35
 And a still tear my silent grief express'd.

When to the public school compell'd to go,
 What novel scenes did on my senses flow!
 There in each breast each active power dilates!
 Which broils whole nations, and convulses states: 40
 There reigns by turns alternate, love and hate,
 Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
 And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
 The dark deformities of man appear.
 Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim, 45
 There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
 There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
 And sweet Contentment rests without her cell;
 And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
 The good of heart, the intelligent of mind. 50

'Twas there, Oh, George! with thee I learn'd to join
 In Friendship's bands — in amity divine.
 Oh, mournful thought! — Where is thy spirit now?
 As here I sit on fav'rite Logar's brow,
 And trace below each well-remember'd glade, 55

Where arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid — on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save Ocean's sullen roar?
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate? 60

Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee convuls'd, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend;
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay, 65

Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.

Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut: 70
I see thee spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land — and rise no more!

Oh! that thou could'st, from thine august abode, 75
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road!
That thou could'st see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround! 80

Yes! yes! his spirit's near! — The whispering breeze,
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the grey mist of the sullen eve:
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe, 85
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.

Yet ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis Fancy's wild aërial dream I ween;
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight! 90
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wandering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;
While present sorrow's banish'd far away, 95
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,

Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile. 100

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moon-beam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight, 105
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,
Which bright through Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd; 110
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped, 115
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes: 120
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd;
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade
Round which the silvery sun-beam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne, 125
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature, hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping
heads,
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads, 130
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung paeans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more 135
Could trace him in his high aërial tour;
Though on the ear, at intervals, his song

Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot, 140
Where from the peep of day, till russet eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done, 145
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run:
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet:
And mus'd on holy theme, and ancient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more; 150
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land — and wept:
Or, fancy-led — saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove, 155
With Plato talk in his Illyssian grove;
Or, wand'ring where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land — 160
Chevalric Britomart and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome 165
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom:
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's
knell, 170
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for Oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind!)
E'en then we soar'd to many a height sublime, 175
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
 Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk!
 When to the upland heights we bent our way,
 To view the last beam of departing day; 180
 How calm was all around! no playful breeze
 Sigh'd 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
 But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
 The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along;
 And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee, 185
 The distant church-bells' mellow harmony;
 The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
 That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
 The rugged arch that clasp'd its silent tides,
 With moss and rank weeds hanging down its
 sides: 190

The craggy rock, that jutt'd on the sight;
 The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
 All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
 We lov'd to watch the swallow swimming high,
 In the bright azure of the vaulted sky; 195
 Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
 Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
 And ting'd with such variety of shade,
 To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
 In these what forms romantic did we trace, 200
 While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!

Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
 Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
 Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
 In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky — 205
 Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
 A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
 Hugely terrific. — But those times are o'er,
 And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;
 For thou art gone, and I am left below, 210
 Alone to struggle through this world of woe.

The scene is o'er — still seasons onward roll,
 And each revolve conducts me toward the goal;
 Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
 One endless continuity of grief; 215
 And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
 Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds, that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign 220
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine.— Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Croesus with his wealth. 225
Yet grieve not I, that Fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me;
She gave me more; she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleased—with little blest!
I look around me, where, on every side, 230
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse? 235
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night 240
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primaeval jet.

The song must close.— Once more my adverse
lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot: 245
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this loved retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er, 250
My eyes are closed to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
One long, one last affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please,
To give me an old age of peace and ease, 255
Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
May wear away in gradual decays;

And oh! ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * * *

THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

A NEW BALLAD, IN THE OLD STYLE.

The night it was dark, and the winds were high,
And mournfully waved the wood,
As Bateman met his Margaret
By Trent's majestic flood.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,
And his heart it was rack'd with fear,
For he knew, that again, 'twas a deadly chance
If ever he press'd her there.

"Oh! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,,"
He said, "while I'm far away,
"For to-morrow I go for a foreign land,
"And there I have long to stay."

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,
And thereto she plighted her troth;
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away
When she forgot her oath.

And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,
And the grove it did mournfully moan,
And Bateman's heart within him sunk,
He thought 'twas his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,
To abide in a foreign land;
And Margaret she forgot her oath,
And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd,
And oft the false one sigh'd,
And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,
She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came
To demand his betrothed bride;
But soon he learn'd that she had sought
A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,
No sound he utter'd more,
But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn was seen,
Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,
She dreamed hideous dreams;
And oft upon the moaning wind
Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death.
On her brow stood the clammy dew,
She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,
And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash,
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile
For the child that she bare in her womb;
But she felt, that when it was borne therefrom,
She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd, and she view'd it with fear
As the date of her earthly time;
And she tried to pray to Almighty God,
To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,
And the parson would pray at her side;
And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,
With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,
And put a new lock to the door;
And sprinkle with holy water the house,
And over her chamber floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,
And they put a new lock on the door;
And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd
With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,
And the clerk, and the singers beside;
And they did sing a penitent hymn,
And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame
Did give to her child the light;
And then she did pray, that they would stay,
And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,
And pray with all their might;
For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,
And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,
With howls the guests did hear;
And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid,
And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd the Almighty's aid,
For louder the tempest grew;
And every guest, his soul he blest,
As the tapers burned blue.

And the fair again, she pray'd of the men
To sing with all their might;
And they did sing, 'till the house did ring,
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it dried on their tongue,
For sleep it was seizing their sense;
And Marg'ret screamed, and bid them not sleep,
Or the fiends would bear her thence.

* * * * *



S O N G.**THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.**

A VERY EARLY COMPOSITION.

When the winter wind whistles around my lone cot,
And my holiday friends have my mansion forgot,
Though a lonely poor being, still do not I pine,
While my poor Robin Red-breast forsakes not my
shrine.

He comes with the morning, he hops on my arm,
For he knows 'tis too gentle to do him a harm:
And in gratitude ever beguiles with a lay
The soul-sick'ning thoughts of a bleak winter's day.

What, though he may leave me, when spring again
smiles,

To waste the sweet summer in love's little wiles,
Yet will he remember his fosterer long,
And greet her each morning with one little song.

And when the rude blast shall again strip the trees,
And plenty no longer shall fly on the breeze,
Oh! then he'll return to his Helena kind,
And repose in her breast from the rude northern
wind.

My sweet little Robin's no holiday guest,
He'll never forget his poor Helena's breast;
But will strive to repay, by his generous song,
Her love, and her cares, in the winter day long.

WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
Heap the crackling faggots higher;
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,
 Push the jolly goblet round;
 Care avaunt, with all thy crew,
 Goblins dire and devils blue.

Hark! without the tempest growls:
 And the affrighted watch-dog howls;
 Witches on their broomsticks sail,
 Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling faggots higher,
 Draw your easy chairs still higher;
 And to guard from wizards hoar,
 Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story,
 Of the murder'd traveller gory,
 Found beneath the yew-tree sear,
 Cut, his throat, from ear to ear.

Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,
 Frighten'd once a neighb'ring goody;
 And how, still at twelve he stalks,
 Groaning o'er the wild-wood walks.

Then, when fear usurps her sway,
 Let us creep to bed away;
 Each for ghosts, but little bolder,
 Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.

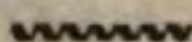
SONG.

Sweet Jessy! I would fain caress
 That lovely cheek divine;
 Sweet Jessy, I'd give worlds to press
 That rising breast to mine.

Sweet Jessy! I with passion burn
 Thy soft blue eyes to see;
 Sweet Jessy, I would die to turn
 Those melting eyes on me;

Yet, Jessy, lovely as * * *
 Thy form and face appear,
 I'd perish ere I would consent
 To buy them with a tear.

* * * *



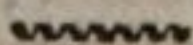
SONG.

Oh, that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
 My Arabella's breast that heaves on high;
 Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,
 And on the melting throne to faint, and die.

Oh, that I were the robe that loosely covers
 Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine;
 Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
 That clasp her waist in many an aëry twine.

Oh, that my soul might take its lasting station
 In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip;
 Or catch, by chance, her blue eyes' fascination!
 Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But chain'd to this dull being, I must ever
 Lament the doom by which I'm hither placed;
 Must pant for moments I must meet with never,
 And dream of beauties I must never taste.



FRAGMENT

OF

AN ECCENTRIC DRAMA.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.



In a little volume which Henry had copied out, apparently for the press, before the publication of Clifton Grove, the Song with which this fragment commences was inserted, under the title of

"The Dance of the Consumptives, in imitation of Shakspeare, taken from an eccentric Drama, written by H. K. W. when very young." The rest was discovered among his loose papers, in the first rude draught, having, to all appearance, never been transcribed. The song was extracted when he was sixteen, and must have been written at least a year before, probably more, by the hand-writing. There is something strikingly wild and original in the fragment.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Merry, merry, go the bells,
 Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
 "Swinging slow with sullen roar."
 Dance, dance away the jocund roundelay!
 Ding-dong! ding-dong, calls us away.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
 Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
 The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
 So merrily, merrily foot it round.
 Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Merry, merry, go the bells,
 Swelling in the nightly gale,
 The sentry ghost,
 It keeps its post,
 And soon, and soon, our sports must fail:
 But let us trip the nightly ground,
 While the merry, merry bells ring round.

Hark! hark, the death-watch ticks!
 See, see, the winding-sheet!
 Our dance is done,
 Our race is run,
 And we must lie at the alder's feet!
 Ding-dong! ding-dong!
 Merry, merry go the bells,
 Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
 And we must seek
 Our death-beds bleak,
 Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

They vanish — The Goddess of Consumption descends, habited in a sky-blue Robe, attended by mournful Music.

Come, Melancholy, sister mine!

Cold the dews, and chill the night!

Come from the dreary shrine!

The wan moon climbs the heavenly height,

And underneath the sickly ray,

Troops of squalid spectres play,

And the dying mortals' groan

Startles the night on her dusky throne.

Come, come, sister mine!

Gliding on the pale moon-shine:

We'll ride at ease,

On the tainted breeze,

And oh! our sport will be divine.

The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep Glen in the rear, habited in Black, and covered with a thick Veil — She speaks.

Sister, from my dark abode,

Where nests the raven, sits the toad,

Hither I come at thy command:

Sister, sister, join thy hand!

Sister, sister, join thy hand!

I will smooth the way for thee,

Thou shalt furnish food for me.

Come let us speed our way

Where the troops of spectres play.

To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,

Where Death sits with a horrible leer,

A lasting grin on a throne of bones,

And skim along the blue tomb-stones.

Come, let us speed away.

Lay our snares, and spread our tether

I will smooth the way for thee,

Thou shalt furnish food for me:

And the grass shall wave

O'er many a grave,

Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!

Join our hands, and spread our tether!

I will furnish food for thee,
 Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
 And the grass shall wave
 O'er many a grave,
 Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here?
 Oh! I knew her by that tear,
 By that blue eye's languid glare,
 By her skin, and by her hair;
 She is mine,
 And she is thine,
 Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air drest,
 I will creep into her breast;
 Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
 And feed on the vital fire within.
 Lover, do not trust her eyes, —
 When they sparkle most, she dies!
 Mother, do not trust her breath, —
 Comfort she will breathe in death!
 Father, do not strive to save her, —
 She is mine, and I must have her!
 The coffin must be her bridal bed;
 The winding-sheet must wrap her head:
 The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
 For soon in the grave the maid must lie,
 The worm it will riot
 On heavenly diet,
 When death has deflower'd her eye.

(*They vanish.*)

While Consumption speaks, Angelina enters.

ANGELINA.

With *) what a silent and dejected pace
 Dost thou, wan Moon, upon thy way advance

*) With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently and with how wan a face!

In the blue welkin's vault! — Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-fac'd boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast! — on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its tick fringe thy couch? — Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine; — yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st;
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness: — my journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view. — O! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And vicissitudes! — Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assur'd, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly. — And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they're pleas'd to call
So beautiful, should die so soon — And tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek:
Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves

Might envy me my rest! — And as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me — they must themselves
Successive fall.

Around the winter fire
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud!, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions) they not long
Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds. — Some in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.
Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And oh! thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
Who now has left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
And say that I was gentle, and deserved
A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs; — and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as blest
As wish can make thee — Laugh, and play, and sing.
With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

Yet hist, I hear a step. — In this dark wood —

* * * *

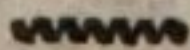
TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

I've read, my friend, of Dioclesian,
And many other noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd
In cots the joys of peace to find;
Maximian's meal of turnip-tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops,)

I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a cursed egregious blunder,
As that a man of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence —
Forsake the loved Aonian maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,
I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense;
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And, metamorphosed to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck.
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension, —
A lawyer working without a fee, —
A parson giving charity, —
A truly pious methodist preacher, —
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not stared at thy backsliding;
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum too,
And wonder what this world will come to!

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts, hast prudence known?



LINES

ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

AGE FOURTEEN.

Oh, Warton! to thy soothing shell,
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie;
And, catching all the Muse's fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime!
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever lovely lines.

Thy Muse deserves the lasting meed;
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the Sylvan scenes appear
Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.

But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er!

On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the Muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.

Now, now the rising fire thrills high,
Now, now to heav'n's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore;

The soul entranced, on mighty wings
With all the poet's heat up springs,
And loses earthly woes;

Till all alarm'd at the giddy height,
The Muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.



TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Ill-fated maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene.
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound
to heal.

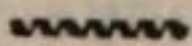
Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?

What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?

What can induce them in that route to go,
In which innumerable before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and woe-begone.

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found;
I, who have drank from thine ethereal rill,
And lasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Aonian hill?

I, through whose soul the Muses' strains aye thrill!
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

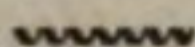
**TO LOVE.**

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

*

Why should I blush to own I love?
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove:
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.



THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.



FRAGMENT.

— — — — The western gale,
 Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
 Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved,
 Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
 I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat:
 While rippling o'er his deep-worn pebble bed,
 The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
 Dispensing coolness. — On the fringed marge
 Full many a flow'ret rears its head, — or pink,
 Or gaudy daffodil. — 'Tis here, at noon,
 The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
 And lave them in the fountain: here secure
 From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport;
 Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
 Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
 Invoke the God of slumber. * * *

* * * *

And, hark! how merrily, from distant tow'r,
 Ring round the village bells! now on the gale
 They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud
 Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
 Melting in faintest music. — They bespeak
 A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
 Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
 The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
 Startling the musing ear of Solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
 When happy Superstition, gabbling eld!
 Holds her unhurtful gambols. — All the day
 The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
 On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
 Commence the harmless rites and auguries:
 And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
 They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
 Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
 Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
 And still the midnight tempest. — Then anon
 Tell of uncharnell'd spectres, seen to glide
 Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,

Startling the 'nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance!

Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

Ev'n now, as leaning on his fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refined affords — Ev'n now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland. — Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life:

The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attain'd another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before, — yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.



ODE,

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY.

Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
And now they die upon the veering breeze;
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
A day of jubilee,
An ancient holiday.

And, lo! the rural revels are begun,
And gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green
Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they,
Who now are in their graves,
Kept up the Whitsun dance.

And that another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep.

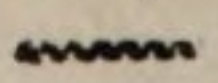
Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power,
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend
My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreperous shout
Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour;

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad Reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.



CANZONET.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee,
 Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
 Why should Horror's voice astound thee,
 Death can bid the wretched rest!
 All under the tree
 Thy bed may be,
 And thou mayest slumber peacefully.

Maiden! once gay Pleasure knew thee;
 Now thy cheeks are pale and deep;
 Love has been a felon to thee,
 Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:
 There's rest for thee
 All under the tree,
 Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

~~~~~

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM

**ON DESPAIR.**

Some to Aonian lyres of silver sound  
 With winning elegance attune their song,  
 Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,  
 And charm the soul with softest harmony:  
 'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen  
 Roving through Fancy's gay futurity!  
 Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,  
 Pleasure of days to come. — Memory too, then  
 Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,  
 Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,  
 Scenes never to return \*).  
 Such subjects merit poets used to raise  
 The attic verse harmonious; but for me  
 A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,  
 And bids me strike the strings of dissonance  
 With frantic energy.

---

\*) Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.



'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can  
Of him before whose blast the voice of Song,  
And Mirth, and Hope, and Happiness all fly,  
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard  
At noon of night, where on the coast of blood,  
The lacerated son of Angola  
Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind;  
And, when the awful silence of the night  
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murd'rer's heart,  
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word  
Half utter'd, half suppress'd —  
'Tis him I sing — Despair — terrific name,  
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord  
Of timorous terror — discord in the sound:  
For to a theme revolting as is this,  
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,  
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound  
Of lyre Aeolian, or the martial bugle,  
Calling the hero to the field of glory,  
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,  
And warlike triumph: but from scenes like mine  
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard  
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.

Hence, then, soft maids,  
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers  
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream:  
For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for powers  
Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!  
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,  
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,  
And all the myriads of the burning concave;  
Souls of the damned; — Hither, oh! come and join  
Th' infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing!  
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang  
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!  
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power;  
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,  
Till the loud paeon ring through hell's high vault,  
And the remotest spirits of the deep  
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.



## ON RURAL SOLITUDE.

When wandering, thoughtful, my stray steps at eve  
 (Releas'd from toil and careless of their way),  
 Have reach'd, unwillingly, some rural spot  
 Where Quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages,  
 Fast by a wood, or on the river's marge,  
 I have sat down upon the shady stile  
 Half wearied with the long and lonesome walk,  
 And felt strange sadness steal upon the heart,  
 And unaccountable. — The rural smells  
 And sounds speak all of peacefullness and home;  
 The lazy mastiff, who my coming eyed,  
 Half balancing 'twixt fondness and distrust,  
 Recall'd some images, now half forgot,  
 Of the warm hearth at eve, when flocks are penn'd  
 And cattle housed, and every labour done.  
 And as the twilight's peaceful hour closed in,  
 The spiral smoke ascending from the thatch,  
 And the eve sparrow's last retiring chirp,  
 Have brought a busy train of hov'ring thoughts  
 To recollection, — rural offices  
 In younger days, and happier times perform'd.  
 And rural friends, now with their grave-stones  
     carved,  
 And tales which wore away the winter's night  
 Yet fresh in memory. — Then my thoughts assume  
 A different turn, and I am e'en at home.  
 That hut is mine; that cottage half-embower'd  
 With modest jessamine, and that sweet spot  
 Of garden-ground, where, ranged in meet array,  
 Grow countless sweets, the wall-flower and the pink  
 And the thick thyme-blush — even that is mine:  
 And that old mulberry that shades the court,  
 Has been my joy from very childhood up.

\* \* \* \* \*

In hollow music sighing through the glade,  
 The breeze of autumn strikes the startled ear,  
 And fancy, pacing through the woodland shade,  
 Hears in the gust the requiem of the year.



As with lone tread along the whisp'ring grove  
 I list the moan of the capricious wind,  
 I, too, o'er fancy's milky way would rove,  
 But sadness chains to earth my pensive mind.

When by the huddling brooklet's secret brim  
 I pause, and woo the dreams of Helicon,  
 Sudden my saddest thoughts revert to him  
 Who taught that brook to wind, and now is gone.

When by the poet's sacred urns I kneel,  
 And rapture springs exultant to my reed,  
 The paean dies, and sadder measures steal,  
 And grief and Montague demand the meed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou mongrel, who dost show thy teeth, and yelp,  
 And bay the harmless stranger on his way,  
 Yet, when the wolf appears, dost roar for help,  
 And scamperest quickly from the bloody fray;  
 Dare but on my fair fame to cast a slur,  
 And I will make thee know, unto thy pain,  
 Thou vile old good-for-nothing cur!

I, a Laconian dog, can bite again:  
 Yes, I can make the Daunian tiger flee,  
 Much more a bragging, foul-mouth'd whelp like thee.  
 Beware Lycambes', or Bupalus' fate —  
 The wicked still shall meet my deadly hate;  
 And know, when once I seize upon my prey,  
 I do not languidly my wrongs bemoan;  
 I do not whine and cant the time away,  
 But, with revengeful gripe, I bite him to the bone.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ODE

TO THE MORNING STAR.

Many invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,  
 When rest supine leans o'er the pillowing clouds,  
 And the last tinklings come  
 From the safe folded flock.



But me, bright harbinger of coming day,  
Who shone the first on the primaeval morn;  
Me, thou delightest more —  
Chastely luxuriant.

Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride  
Press now their downy couch in languid ease,  
While visions of dismay  
Flit o'er their troubled brain.

Be mine to view; awake to nature's charms,  
Thy paly flame vanish from the sky,  
As gradual day usurps  
The welkin's glowing bounds.

Mine, to snuff up the pure ambrosial breeze,  
Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,  
And mark his early flight  
The rustling skylark wing.

And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,  
Thou, whom distracted, I so lately woo'd,  
As on my restless bed  
Slow past the tedious night;

And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam  
Drew my dull curtain; and with anxious eye  
Strove through the veil of night  
To mark the tardy morn.

Thou, health, shalt bless me in my early walk,  
As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,  
And feel the genial thrill  
Dance in my lighten'd veins.

And as I mark the Cotter from his shed  
Peep out with jocund face — thou, too, Content,  
Shalt steal into my breast,  
Thy mild, thy placid sway.

Star of the morning! these, thy joys I'll share,  
As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;  
While to thy blushing shrine  
Due orisons shall rise.



**THE HERMIT OF THE PACIFIC,**

OR

**THE HORRORS OF UTTER SOLITUDE.**

Oh! who can paint the unspeakable dismay  
Of utter Solitude, shut out from all  
Of social intercourse. — Oh! who can say  
What haggard horrors hold in shuddering thrall  
Him, who by some Carvaggian waterfall  
A shipwreck'd man hath scoop'd his desert cave,  
Where Desolation, in her giant pall,  
Sits frowning on the ever-falling wave,  
That woos the wretch to dig, by her loud shore,  
his grave.

Thou youthful pilgrim, whose untoward feet,  
Too early have been torn in life's rough way,  
Thou, who endow'd with Fancy's holiest heat,  
Seest dark Misfortune cloud thy morning ray:  
Though doom'd in penury to pine thy day,  
O seek not, — seek not in the glooms so shroud  
Of waste, or wilderness — a cast away —  
Where noise intrudes not, save when in the cloud,  
Riding sublime, the storm roars fearfully, and loud.

Though man to man be as the ocean shark,  
Reckless, and unrelentingly severe;  
Though friendship's cloak must veil the purpose  
dark,  
While the red poniard glimmers in the rear,  
Yet, is society most passing dear.  
Though mix'd with clouds its sunshine gleams  
refined  
Will through the glooms most pleasantly appear,  
And soothe thee, when thy melancholy mind  
Must ask for comfort else of the loud pitiless wind.

Yet is it distant from the muse's theme  
To bid thee fly the rural covert still,  
And plunge impetuous in the busy stream,  
Of crowds to take of \*\* joys thy fill.



Ah! no, she woos thee to attune thy quill  
In some low village's remote recess,  
Where thou may'st learn — O enviable skill,  
To heal the sick, and soothe the comfortless,  
To give, and to receive — be bless'd, and to bless.

God unto men hath different powers assign'd —  
There be, who love the city's dull turmoil;  
There be, who proud of an ambitious mind  
From lonely Quiet's hermit-walks recoil:  
Leave thou these insects to their grov'ling toil —  
Thou, whom retired leisure best can please;  
For thee, the hazle copse's verdant aisle,  
And summer bow'r, befitting studious ease,  
Prepare a keener bliss than they shall ever seize.

Lo, the grey morning climbs the eastern tow'r,  
The dew-drop glistening in her op'ning eye  
Now on the upland lawns salute the hour  
That wakes the warbling woods to melody;  
There sauntering on the stile, embower'd high  
With fragrant hawthorn, and the gadding briar,  
Pore on thy book, or cast by fits thine eye  
Where far below, hill, dale, and village spire,  
And brook, and mead, and wood, far from the  
sight retire.

But what are these, *forsaken* and *forlorn*?  
'Tis animation breathes the subtle spell —  
Hark! from the echoing wood the mellow horn  
Winds round from hill to hill, with distant swell;  
The peasant's matin rises from the dell;  
The heavy waggon creaks upon its way,  
While tinkling soft the silver-tuning bell  
Floats on the gale, or dies by fits away  
From the sweet straw-roof'd grange, deep buried  
from the day.

Man was not made to pine in solitude,  
Ensepulchred, and far from converse placed,  
Not for himself alone, untamed and rude,  
To life the Bittern of the desert waste;  
It is not his (by manlier virtues graced)  
To pore upon the noontide brook, and sigh,



And weep for aye o'er sorrow nneffaced;  
 Him social duties call the tear to dry,  
 And wake the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.

The savage broods that in the forest shroud,  
 The Pard and Lion mingle with their kind;  
 And, oh, shall man, with nobler pow'rs endow'd,  
 Shall he, to nature's strongest impulse blind,  
 Bury in shades his proud immortal mind?  
 Like the sweet flow'r, that on some steep rock  
     thrown,  
 Blossoms forlorn, rock'd by the mountain wind;  
 A little while it decks the rugged stone,  
 Then, withering, fades away, unnoticed and unknown!

For ye who, fill'd with fancy's wildest dreams,  
 Run from the imperious voice of human pride,  
 And shrinking quick from woe's unheeded screams,  
 Long in some desert-cell your heads to hide,  
 Where you may muse from morn to eventide,  
 Free from the taunts of contumely and scorn,  
 From sights of woe — the pow'r to soothe denied,  
 Attend the song which in life's early morn —

\* \* \*

## TO THE WIND.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Nor unfamiliar to mine ear,  
 Blast of the night! ye howl as now  
     My shudd'ring casement loud  
 With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,  
 The howling sweep, the sudden rush;  
 And when the passing gale  
     Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

\* \* \*



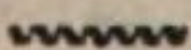
**THE EVE OF DEATH.**

IRREGULAR.

Silence of Death — portentous calm,  
Those airy forms that yonder fly,  
Denote that your void fore-runs a storm,  
That the hour of fate is nigh.  
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,  
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!  
I see, I see, that ere the morn,  
His spear will forsake its hated rest,  
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her  
naked breast.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,  
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;  
But Nature sleeps a deathless sleep,  
For the hour of battle is nigh.  
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,  
But a creeping stillness reigns around;  
Except when the raven with ominous croak,  
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.  
I know, I know, what this silence means;  
I know what the raven saith —  
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,  
For this is the eve of death.

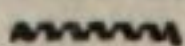
Behold, how along the twilight air  
The shades of our fathers glide!  
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,  
And Colma with grey side.  
No gale around its coolness flings,  
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;  
And, hark! how the harp's unvisited strings  
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!  
'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!  
He will never set more to the brave;  
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death —  
For to-morrow he hies to the grave.





**THANATOS.**

Oh! who would cherish life,  
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,  
Love this rude world of strife,  
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;  
And where, 'neath outward smiles,  
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey,  
Where pit-falls lie in ev'ry flowery way,  
And syrens lure the wanderer to their wiles!  
Hateful it is to me,  
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;  
I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts  
Dinnyng the ear—away—away with life!  
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,  
Who in some foggy vault art laid,  
Where never daylight's dazzling ray  
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;  
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,  
In such forgetful slumbers deep,  
That all thy senses stupified,  
Are to marble petrified.  
Sleepy Death, I welcome thee!  
Sweet are thy calms to misery.  
Poppies I will ask no more,  
Nor the fatal hellebore;  
Death is the best, the only cure,  
His are slumbers ever sure.  
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,  
In whose solemn fretted gloom  
I may lie in mouldering state,  
With all the grandeur of the great:  
Over me, magnificent,  
Carve a stately monument:  
Then thereon my statue lay,  
With hands in attitude to pray,  
And angels serve to hold my head,  
Weeping o'er the father dead.  
Duly too at close of day,  
Let the pealing organ play;  
And while the harmonious thunders roll,  
Chaunt a vesper to my soul;  
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,  
Shut out from thoughtful misery!





**ATHANATOS.**

Away with Death — away  
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,  
Impervious to the day,  
Where Nature sinks into inanity.

How can the soul desire  
Such hateful nothingness to crave,  
And yield with joy the vital fire,  
To moulder in the grave!

Yet mortal life is sad,  
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;  
And sorrows ever rife  
Drain the sacred fountain dry —

Away with mortal life!

But, hail the calm reality,  
The seraph Immortality!  
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace!  
Where all the storms of passion cease.

Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,  
The wearied spirit weeps no more;  
But wears the eternal smile of joy,  
Tasting bliss without alloy.

Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,  
Where no passing tempest lowers;  
But the azure heavens display  
The everlasting smile of day;  
Where the choral seraph choir,  
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;  
And the spirit sinks to ease,  
Lull'd by distant symphonies.

Oh! to think of meeting there  
The friends whose graves received our tear,  
The daughter loved, the wife adored,  
To our widow'd arms restored;  
And all the joys which death did sever,  
Given to us again for ever!

Who would cling to wretched life,  
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife!  
Who would not long form earth to fly,  
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,  
When the glorious prospect lies  
Full before his raptured eyes?



**MUSIC.**

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF FOURTEEN AND  
FIFTEEN, WITH A FEW SUBSEQUENT VERBAL  
ALTERATIONS.

Music, all powerful o'er the human mind,  
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,  
Soothe anxious Care on sleepless couch reclined,  
And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;  
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace:  
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,  
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire  
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise;  
Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire  
Urge on the warrior grey with length of days.

Far better she when with her soothing lyre  
She charms the falchion from the savage grasp,  
And melting into pity vengeful Ire,  
Looses the bloody breast-plate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,  
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,  
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,  
In calm Seclusion's hermit-walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,  
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,  
With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,  
And pleas'd Attention claims the passive mind.

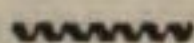
Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,  
Then burst majestic in the varied swell;  
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,  
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,  
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the  
soul,



With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live  
For ever 'neath undefiled control.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,  
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,  
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,  
And soften down the rugged road of life.



## O D E

### TO THE HARVEST MOON.

— — — *Cum ruit imbriferum ver:*

*Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum  
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:*

— — — — —  
*Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.*

VIRGIL.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild  
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,  
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,  
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,  
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,  
Where innocence and Peace reside;  
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,  
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love  
O'er the uplands now to rove.  
While thy modest ray serene  
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;  
And to watch thee riding high  
In the blue vault of the sky,  
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,  
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!  
Now the Night is at her noon,  
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,  
While around the zephyrs sigh,  
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,  
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;



Picturing all the rustic's joy  
When boundless plenty greets his eye,  
    And thinking soon,  
    Oh, modest Moon!  
How many a female eye will roam  
    Along the road,  
    To see the load,  
The last dear load of harvest-home!

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,  
Stern despoilers of the plains,  
Hence away, the season flee,  
Foes to light-heart jollity:  
May no winds careering high,  
Drive the clouds along the sky,  
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,  
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh,  
Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,  
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;  
He dreams of crowded barns, and round  
The yard he hears the flail resound;  
Oh! may no hurricane destroy  
His visionary views of joys!  
God of the Winds! oh, hear his humble pray'r,  
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blust'ring  
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you  
Leave I Sleep's dull pow'r to woo:  
Press ye still the downy bed,  
While fev'rish dreams surround your head;  
I will seek the woodland glade,  
Penetrate the thickest shade,  
Wrapt in Contemplation's dreams  
Musing high on holy themes,  
    While on the gale  
    Shall softly sail  
The nightingale's enchanting tune,  
    And oft my eyes  
    Shall grateful rise  
'To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!





## SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

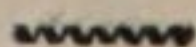
Softly, softly blow, ye breezes,  
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!  
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;  
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by;  
My love is asleep,  
He lies by the deep,  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I have cover'd him with rushes,  
Water-flags, and branches dry.  
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;  
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!  
My love is asleep,  
He lies by the deep,  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken;  
Fastly closed is his eye;  
Paler is his cheek, and chiller  
Than the icy moon on high.  
Alas! he is dead,  
He has chose his death-bed  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?  
Will thy slumbers never fly?  
Couldst thou think I would survive thee?  
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.  
Thou bid'st me seek  
Thy death-bed bleak  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,  
On thy breast I'll lay my head,  
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,  
And our shroud the waters spread;  
The moon will smile sweet,  
And the wild wave will beat,  
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.





THE SHIPWRECKED  
**SOLITARY'S SONG**  
TO THE NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!  
I woo thee from the watch-tow'r high,  
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark  
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,  
The distant main is moaning low;  
Come, let us sit and weave a song—  
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,  
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,  
But sweeter far the solemn calm,  
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,  
And never human voice have heard;  
I've pass'd here many a lonely year  
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,  
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I  
Have knelt before my wicker door,  
To sing my ev'ning song.

And I have hail'd the grey morn high,  
On the blue mountain's misty brow,  
And tried to tune my little reed  
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,  
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,  
As when upon the ocean shore  
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,  
The moon it whispers not of peace!  
But oh! when darkness robes the heav'ns,  
My woes are mix'd with joy.



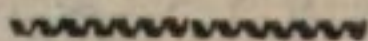
And then I talk, and often think  
Aërial voices answer me;  
And oh! I am not then alone—  
A solitary man.

And when the blust'ring winter winds  
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,  
I lay me on my lonely mat,  
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;  
And Fancy gives me back my child;  
She gives me back my little home,  
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,  
That calls me from the dream of bliss  
To find myself still lone, and hear  
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,  
The whisp'ring of the boding trees,  
The brook's eternal flow, and oft  
The condor's hollow scream.





**CLIFTON GROVE \*).****DEDICATION.**

*To Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, the following trifling effusions of a very youthful Muse are, by permission, dedicated by Her Grace's much obliged and grateful servant,*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Nottingham.

**PREFACE.**

The following attempts in Verse are laid before the Public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour on their amusements: and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

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\*) This, and the following Poems, are reprinted from the little Volume which Henry published in 1803.



*Πας το οικειον εργον αγαπατω*, "Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrte; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the Author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the Author was in his sixteenth year:—The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes, that "To an early Primrose," was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date.—The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and, remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigour, the painted butterfly whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

NOTTINGHAM.

H. K. WHITE.



**TO MY LYRE.**

AN ODE.

Thou simple Lyre! — Thy music wild  
Has served to charm the weary hour,  
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,  
When even pain has own'd and smiled,  
Its fascinating power.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd  
Will little heed thy simple tones:  
Them mightier minstrels harping loud  
Engross, — and thou and I must shroud  
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,  
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;  
For me, no academic lore  
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,  
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar;  
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:  
The rustic swains believe thy power  
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,  
And still the billowy main.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,  
I still unknown, may live with thee,  
And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep  
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,  
Beneath the alder tree.

This little dirge will please me more  
Than the full requiem's swelling peal;  
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh  
For me, that from some kindred eye  
The strickling tear should steal.

\*



Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,  
Perhaps from me debarr'd:  
And dear to me the classic zone,  
Which, snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,  
Adorns the accepted bard.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell  
Where Cam or Isis winds along,  
Perchance, inspired with ardour chaste,  
I yet might call the ear of taste  
To listen to my song.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style  
I'd change to happier lays,  
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile  
And through the long, the fretted aisle  
Should swell the note of praise.

### CLIFTON GROVE.

#### A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,  
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.  
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke,  
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;  
No more hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,  
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;  
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds  
Have ceas'd to echo o'er the dewy grounds  
And general silence reigns, save when below,  
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;  
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,  
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;  
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,  
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,  
Released from day and its attendant toil,  
And draws his household round their evening fire,  
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire;



Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,  
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,  
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,  
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,  
And rushes out, impatient to begin  
The stated course of customary sin:  
Now, now my solitary way I bend  
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,  
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,  
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.  
Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,  
I come to pass the meditative hour;  
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,  
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.  
And oh! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high  
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!  
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild controul  
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,  
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire  
My glowing bosom with thy hallow'd fire.  
And thou too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,  
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear  
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,  
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.  
At thy command the gale that passes by  
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.  
Thou wavest thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!  
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!  
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,  
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail.

This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,  
Where meeting trees create eternal night;  
Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,  
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;  
Recalls endearing to my alter'd mind,  
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclined,  
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;  
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;  
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,  
And at each gay response delighted smiled.  
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray  
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,  
Here would I run, a visionary boy,



When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,  
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form  
Sternly careering on the eddy storm;  
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,  
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.  
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare  
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;  
And, as the warring winds around reviled,  
With awful pleasure big, — I heard and smiled.  
Beloved remembrance! — Memory which endears  
This silent spot to my advancing years.  
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,  
In shades like these to live is to be blest.  
While happiness evades the busy crowd,  
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.  
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame  
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,  
Thou here dost love to sit with up-turn'd eye,  
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,  
The woods that wave, the grey owl's silken flight,  
The mellow music of the listening night.  
Congenial calms more welcome to my breast  
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest,  
To heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,  
That ye may bless my unambitious days,  
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,  
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,  
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,  
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.  
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,  
A livelier light upon my vision flows.  
No more above the embracing branches meet,  
No more the river gurgles at my feet,  
But seen deep, down the cliff's impending side,  
Through hanging woods, now gleams it silver tide,  
Dim is my upland path, — across the Green  
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between  
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds  
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,  
And beds of violets, blooming 'mid the trees,  
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.  
Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight  
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,



And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,  
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,  
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?  
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?  
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,  
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?  
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,  
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;  
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,  
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,  
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,  
The deadly chalice would no more allure,  
But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,  
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.  
Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,  
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms!  
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,  
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.  
Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command  
To roll in acres of paternal land,  
Yet still my lot is blest, while I enjoy  
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss  
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,  
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,  
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:  
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,  
He would not find one spot of ground his own,  
Yet as he looks around, he cries with glee,  
These bounding prospects all were made for me:  
For me yon waving fields their burthen bear,  
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,  
While happy I in idle ease recline,  
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.  
This is the charm, by sages often told,  
Converting all it touches into gold.  
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,  
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,  
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!  
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,  
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,



My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,  
 The silver moon illumines the misty scene;  
 Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,  
 In all the soft varieties of shade.  
 Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,  
 The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.  
 No more, where late the social faggot blazed,  
 The vacant peal resounds, by little raised,  
 But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's \*) star  
 The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:  
 The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade  
 The solemn hour for walking spectres made!  
 The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,  
 Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,  
 Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,  
 Lest at the sound some grisly-ghost should rise.  
 Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,  
 Returning silence stagnates in the soul;  
 Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,  
 The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night:  
 Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,  
 The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale,  
 A little onward let me bend my way,  
 Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.  
 That spot; oh! yet it is the very same;  
 That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name:  
 There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,  
 There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,  
 And in the branch that rears above the rest  
 The robin unmolested builds its nest.  
 'Twas here when Hope, presiding o'er my breast,  
 In vivid colours every prospect drest:  
 'Twas here, reclining, I indulg'd her dreams,  
 And lost the hour in visionary schemes.  
 Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,  
 Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat?  
 Say, can a few short years this change achieve  
 That thy allusions can no more deceive!  
 Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,  
 And thou too, gay Seducer; art *thou* fled?

\*) The constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation,  
 vide Ovid's Fasti, B. II. 113.



Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe,  
Yet thou could'st guile Misfortune of her tear,  
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way  
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.  
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems!  
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams!  
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,  
And all is buried in redoubled night.  
Yet some can rise superior to their pain,  
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain:  
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,  
Unmoved; their fairest prospects fade away:  
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!  
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,  
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the  
gloom,  
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.  
So in these shades the early primrose blows,  
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows;  
So falls untimely on the desert waste,  
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd whate'er the uplands heights display,  
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way,  
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,  
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.  
And oh! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,  
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!  
What rural objects steal upon the sight!  
What rising views prolong the calm delight!  
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,  
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,  
The woody island, and the naked mead,  
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,  
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,  
And, frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile.  
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,  
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.  
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,  
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.  
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,  
What glimm'ring scenes salute my ravish'd eyes!  
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,  
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,



And swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,  
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.  
Still, every rising sound of calm delight  
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,  
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,  
Discordant from her solitary nest,  
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon;  
Now riding, cloud-rapt, near her highest noon:  
Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,  
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.  
How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth  
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,  
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung  
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!  
That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear,  
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,  
And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)  
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.  
These hallow'd shades, — these trees that woo the  
wind,  
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,  
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,  
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,  
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid,  
The beauteous MARGARET; for her each swain  
Confest in private his peculiar pain,  
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,  
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.  
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead  
Attuned to gaiety his artless reed;  
No more entwined the pansied wreath, to deck  
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck,  
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclined,  
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,  
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,  
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,  
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,  
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;  
Her BATEMAN loved, nor loved the youth in vain.  
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs



The echoing vault responded to their vows,  
As here deep hidden from the glare of day,  
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;  
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame,  
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,  
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.  
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,  
Each bears mementos of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze  
With the fallen honours of the mourning trees,  
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,  
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,  
Yet Bateman came not; — o'er the woodland drear,  
Howling portentous, did the winds career;  
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,  
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;  
The night was dark; as, now-and-then, the gale  
Paused for a moment, — Margaret listen'd, pale;  
But through the covert to her anxious ear,  
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.  
Strange fears now fill'd her breast, — she knew not  
why,

She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.  
She hears a noise, — 'tis he, — he comes at last; —  
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:  
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,  
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;  
'Tis Bateman's self, — he springs into her arms,  
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.  
"Yet why this silence? — I have waited long,  
"And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.  
"And now thou'rt here my fears are fled — yet speak,  
"Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?  
"Say, what is wrong?" — Now, through a parting  
cloud,

The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,  
And Bateman's face was seen: — 'twas deadly white,  
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.  
"Oh, speak, my love!" again the maid conjured;  
"Why is thy heart in sullen woe immured?"  
He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,



Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;  
 When thus at last reluctantly he broke  
 His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:  
 "Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance  
 "I on these fields must cast my parting glance  
 "For three long years, by cruel fate's command,  
 "I go to languish in a foreign land.  
 "Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,  
 "Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?  
 "Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,  
 "Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,  
 "And, on the silken couch of wealth reclined,  
 "Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus prove?  
 "Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then suspect my love?  
 "Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart,  
 "My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,  
 "If, when he hail again his native shore,  
 "He finds his Margaret true to him no more,  
 "May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,  
 "Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjured bed,  
 "And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,  
 "To find deserved death in yonder deeps!" \*)

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew  
 A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;  
 One half she in her lovely bosom hides,  
 The other, trembling, to her love confides.  
 "This bind the vow," she said; "this mystic charm  
 "No future recantation can disarm;  
 "The right vindictive does the fates involve;  
 "No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,  
 The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,  
 And once again the lady of the night  
 Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.  
 Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay,  
 But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:  
 Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,  
 Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

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\*) This part of the Trent is commonly called "*The Clifton Deepe*."



When to the distant land the youth was sped,  
A lonely life the moody maiden led.  
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known  
walk,  
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,  
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,  
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.  
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;  
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief:  
Absence had cool'd her love, — the impoverish'd  
flame  
Was dwindling fast, when, lo! the tempter came;  
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,  
And the weak maid became another's wife!  
Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,  
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime.  
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,  
The lovely partner of his soul to claim,  
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way  
He bent his steps — and all his thoughts were gay.  
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,  
When on his ear the fatal news arose!  
Chill'd with amazement, — senseless with the blow,  
He stood a marble monument of woe;  
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,  
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;  
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,  
And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot,)  
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,  
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.  
'Twas night — he sought the river's lonely shore,  
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.  
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,  
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,  
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,  
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;  
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave —  
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.  
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,  
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.  
He knelt. — Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,  
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.  
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,  
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,



And all was peace;— he felt the general calm  
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm;  
When casting far behind his streaming eye,  
He saw the Grove, — in fancy saw *her* lie,  
*His* Margaret, lull'd in Germain's\*) arms to rest,  
And all the demon rose within his breast.  
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,  
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,  
Then, at one spring, he spurn'd the yielding bank,  
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,  
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:  
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,  
The river swept as sweetly as before;  
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,  
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang  
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.  
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,  
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.  
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,  
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest.  
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,  
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;  
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,  
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.  
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife  
The guiltless baby struggled into life. —  
As night drew on, around her bed, a band  
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;  
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,  
Intent to expiate her awful crime.  
Their prayers were fruitless.— As the midnight came,  
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.  
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,  
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.  
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky  
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;  
Then wakening wide they sought the ravish'd bed,  
But, lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;

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\*) Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.



And never more the weeping train were doom'd  
To view the false one, in the deeps entomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night  
They heard such screams as froze them with af-  
fright;

And many an infant, at its mother's breast,  
Started dismay'd from its unthinking rest.  
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,  
They show the path down which the fair was borne  
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,  
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,  
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear,  
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets  
In the drear silence of these dark retreats,  
And even now, with melancholy power,  
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.  
'Mid all the charms by Magic nature given  
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,  
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans  
On the attendant legend of the scenes.  
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,  
And breathes a mellow gloom upon the woods;  
This, as the distant cataract swells around,  
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;  
This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,  
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,  
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,  
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,  
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,  
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;  
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart  
Bind thee, blest Clifton! close around my heart.

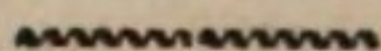
Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,  
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.  
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,  
Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;  
Or wander lone, where wildering and wide,  
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;  
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,  
Or stand entranced with Pyrenean views;



Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,  
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.

When Splendour offers, and when fame incites,  
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,  
Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,  
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;  
Turn to these scenes, these well known scenes once  
more,

I race once again old Trent's romantic shore,  
And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,  
Here waste the little remnant of my days.  
But if the Fates should this last wish deny,  
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;  
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,  
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;  
Or that my course should, on some desert strand,  
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting hand;  
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,  
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,  
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,  
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,  
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,  
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### GONDOLINE.

#### A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone  
Serenely on the sea,  
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock  
They murmur'd pleasantly,

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,  
A maiden full fair to the sight;  
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,  
And turn'd it to deadly white.



Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear  
It fill'd her taint blue eye,  
As oft she heard, in Fancy's ear,  
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth  
Of all our good King's men,  
And he was gone to the Holy Land  
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,  
And many a rolling year,  
But nothing the maid from Palestine  
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce  
The Ocean's misty face;  
Full oft she thought her lover's bark  
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light  
In the high rock's lonely tower,  
To guide her lover to the land,  
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,  
And sunken in her eye:  
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live  
"And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,  
The Curlew scream'd above,  
She heard the scream with a sickening heart  
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,  
And this was all her cry,  
"Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,  
"And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,  
All in the rock's hard side,  
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread  
The cavern yawning wide.



And pendant from its dismal top  
The deadly nightshade hung;  
The hemlock and the aconite  
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,  
And all without was calm;  
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld  
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,  
The moonbeam gleamed pale,  
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,  
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipped, and she stood aghast,  
She trod on a bloated toad;  
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,  
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear  
Mysterious sounds arose;  
So, on the mountain's piny top,  
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud  
Were heard with thundering sound,  
Till they died away in soft decay,  
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,  
The charm yet onward led,  
Though each big glaring ball of sight  
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,  
It from a distance came,  
She follow'd, till upon her sight,  
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appal'd; yet still the charm  
Upheld her sinking soul;  
Yet each bent knee the other smote,  
And each wild eye did roll.



And such a sight as she saw there,  
No mortal saw before,  
And such a sight as she saw there,  
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,  
The flame was fierce and high,  
And all the cave so wide and long,  
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout  
Twelve withered witches stood:  
Their waists were bound with living snake  
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red  
And fiercely flamed their eyes;  
And they were muttering indistinct  
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,  
And uttered a joyous cry,  
And round about the cauldron stout  
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopt; and each prepared  
To tell what she had done,  
Since last the Lady of the night  
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,  
Thick weeds her face did veil,  
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,  
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen  
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd,  
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,  
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,  
And raised a devilish rout;  
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard  
Full fifteen leagues about.



She said there was a little bark  
 Upon the roaring wave,  
 And there was a woman there who'd been  
 To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,  
 It was her only child,  
 And oft its little infant pranks  
 Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too in that same bark,  
 A father and his son;  
 The lad was sickly, and the sire  
 Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,  
 And the bark could no more it 'bide,  
 She said it was jovial fun to hear  
 How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child  
 Unto her breast and wept;  
 And, sweetly folded in her arms,  
 The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,  
 As manfully it roar'd,  
 She twisted her hand in the infant's hair  
 And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs  
 'Twas a glorious sight to see;  
 The crew could scarcely hold her down  
 From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,  
 And it was soft and fair:  
 It must have been a lovely child,  
 To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms  
 He held his sickly son,  
 And his dying throes they fast arose,  
 His pains were nearly done.



And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,  
And his face grew deadly blue:  
And his father he tore his thin grey hair,  
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole  
In the bark, and it fill'd away:  
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,  
And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead,  
The sailors their strength did urge;  
But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet,  
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,  
The red flame flamed high,  
And round about the cauldron stout  
They danced right merrily.

The second begun: She said she had done  
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,  
And that the devil, the father of evil,  
Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,  
And she had a daughter fair,  
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart  
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,  
A wicked man was he,  
And oft the woman him against  
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had worked the daughter up  
To murder her old mother,  
That then she might seize on all her goods,  
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman  
Was sick and ill in bed,  
And pondering sorely on the life  
Her wicked daughter led,



She heard her footstep on the floor,  
And she raised her pallid head,  
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,  
Approaching to her bed.

And said, My child, I'm very ill,  
I have not long to live,  
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die  
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,  
And she lifted the sharp bright knife,  
And the mother saw her full intent  
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,  
And she scream'd aloud with fear,  
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams  
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,  
She struggled hard, and fought;  
The murderess cut three fingers through  
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,  
The skin was mangled sore,  
And they all agreed a nobler deed  
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,  
The red flame flamed high,  
And round about the cauldron stout  
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been  
To Holy Palestine;  
And seen more blood in one short day,  
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,  
Drew nearer to the flame,  
For much she dreaded now to hear  
Her hapless lover's name.



The hag related then the sports  
Of that eventful day,  
When on the well-contested field  
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore  
Above the knees did wade,  
And that no tongue could truly tell  
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant-featured youth,  
Who like a hero fought;  
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,  
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,  
Unto the knight she sues,  
And tells him she from Britain comes,  
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,  
His love had given her hand  
Unto a wealthy Thane:—and thought  
Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe  
When this her tale she told,  
It would have made a wizard's blood  
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,  
And sought the battle's bed:  
And soon all mangled o'er with wounds,  
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore  
His head, half clove in two,  
She ceased, and from beneath her garb  
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their sockets,  
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,  
And there was a gash across the brow,  
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.



'Twas BERTRAND'S HEAD!! With a terrible scream,  
The maiden gave a spring,  
And from her fearful hiding-place  
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled — the cauldron sunk,  
Deep thunders shook the dome,  
And hollow peals of laughter came  
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay  
Upon the hellish ground,  
And still mysterious sounds were heard  
At intervals around.

She woke — she half arose, — and wild,  
She cast a horrid glare,  
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,  
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,  
The moon it sweetly shone,  
And show'd a river in the cave  
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,  
As it rush'd the rocks between,  
It offer'd well, for madness fired  
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd  
With its accustom'd sound.  
And hollow peals of laughter loud  
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more. — But oft  
Her ghost is known to glide,  
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,  
Along the ocean's side.

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LINES

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS, IN THE
MORNING BEFORE DAY-BREAK.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!— Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems;— big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,— yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp! — To you I raise
My lowly orizons, while, all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, to boundless for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend, thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wond'rous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies.— The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The Aeolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"
Responding to the Seraphim.— O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

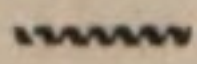
Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!

Thou, the dread Author of these wond'rous work's!
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence? — Thou canst;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear!
How vain ambition! — Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-pac'd night? — Why on the
page,

The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one — can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it sooth the slumbers of the grave?
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling. — All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.



LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE
OF HIS MISTRESS.

OCCASIONED BY A SITUATION IN A ROMANCE.

Mary, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,
The big tear in his eye. — Mary, awake,
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight
On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low,
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,
To sooth thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart. — Come, as thou didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night-wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night. — Oh! then, as lone reclining,
I listen'd sadly to the dismal storm,
Thou on the lambent lightnings wild careering
Didst strike my moody eye; — dead pale thou wert,
Yet passing lovely. — Thou didst smile upon me,
And, oh! thy voice it rose so musical,
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest charm'd,
Sunk on his rocking throne to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.

Spirit of her!

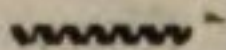
My only love! — O! now again arise,
And let once more thine æry accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling
On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody; — and, high above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shows her chaste face in the meridian sky.
No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*
Dare now assemble at their mystic revels;
It is a night, when from their primrose beds,
The gentle ghosts of injured innocents

*

Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,
 Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,
 And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.
 The spirit of my love might now awake,
 And hold its custom'd converse.

Mary, lo!

Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,
 And calls upon thy name. — The breeze that blows,
 On his wan cheek will soon sweep over him
 In solemn music, a funereal dirge,
 Wild and most sorrowful. — His cheek is pale,
 The worm that play'd upon thy youthful bloom,
 It canker'd green on his. — Now lost he stands,
 The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew
 Which bathes his aching temples gives sure ome
 Of speedy dissolution. — Mary, soon
 Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
 And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.



MY STUDY,

A LETTER IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
 Where I, one of the rhyming race,
 Pursue my studies *con amore*,
 And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
 Upon the house's topmost height,
 A closet, just six feet by four,
 With whitewash'd walls and plaster floor,
 So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
 To admit a single chair and table;
 And (lest the muse should die with cold,)
 A smoky grate my fire to hold:
 So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose,
 To melt the ice-drop on one's nose;
 And yet so big, it covers o'er
 Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I sure may crack —
A broken chair without a back;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs;
A desk — of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls,
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay, — I nearly had left out
My bellows destitute of snout;
And on the walls, — Good Heavens! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals;
And organ works, and broken pedals;
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick;)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head *once* stood;
But who it was the able master

Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And Sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it aught of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto Homer,
Because they both have beards, which, you know,
Will mark them well from Joan and Juno,)
For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perched it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men, and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior *to* men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground.
For though confined, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 't will contain them all;
And should it e'er become so cold
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give,
I shall not then be fit to live.



TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's
 sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

SONNETS.

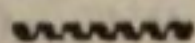
SONNET I.

To the River Trent. Written on Recovery from Sickness.

Once more, O TRENT! along thy pebbly marge
A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
 Woos to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
O! to his ear how musical the tale
 Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat;
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail!
 How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this that many a sleepless night,
 As, lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
 The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, this, this, his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

SONNET II.

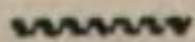
Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
 Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
 And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
 May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
 While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
 But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
 And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
 I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
 And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

**SONNET III. *)**

Supposed to have been addressed by a Female Lunatic to a Lady.

Lady, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,
 And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young:
 Oh! may thy bosom never, never know
 The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung.
 I had a mother once — a brother too —
 (Beneath yon yew my father rests his head:)
 I had a lover once, — and kind, and true,
 But mother, brother, lover, all are fled!
 Yet, whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye?
 Oh! gentle lady — not for me thus weep,
 The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,
 And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.
 Go thou and pluck the roses while they bloom —
 My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

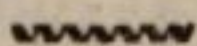
*) This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnet, "occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic," written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.



SONNET IV.

*Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet, Dermody, in a Storm,
while on board a Ship in His Majesty's Service.*

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclined,
Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep;
For not for me shall wife or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell,
Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

**SONNET V.**

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,
And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star
To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war
Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring appalling—I portend
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head,
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

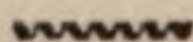


SONNET VI.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this Volume, and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much-respected writer, for the permission so politely granted to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

Ye, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
 "Severest of those orders which belong,
 "Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
 Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
 And why its name, boasts of Petrarchian days,
 Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the throng
 The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
 Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong
 The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name
 Of that distinguish'd import, lays, though sweet,
 Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
 Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
 O think! to vindicate its genuine praise
 Those it beseems, whose *Lyre* a favouring impulse
 sways.

**SONNET VII.**

Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant Admonition.

Let the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,
 Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
 Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
 Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight,
 Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
 Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
 And scorn to its wild cadence to conform
 The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
 But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
 Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade
 With wildest song;— Me, much behoves thy aid
 Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,

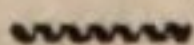
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.



SONNET VIII.

On hearing the Sounds of an Aeolian Harp.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career,
It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr; — then it died,
Melting in melody: — and I descried,
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song: to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death?



SONNET IX.

What art thou, MIGHTY ONE! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet,
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud, and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead
noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood!
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.



A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
 Ye pelting rains a little rest;
 Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
 That wring with grief my aching breast.

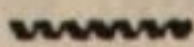
Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
 To triumph o'er an artless maid;
 Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
 To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exiled from my native home,
 He should have wiped the bitter tear;
 Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
 A heart-sick weary wand'rer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
 The winds they will not let it sleep:
 Ah, little knows the hapless babe
 What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
 I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
 Harsh is thy father, little one,
 And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,
 And winds were piping o'er me loud,
 And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
 Were nestling in thy mother's shroud!

**THE LULLABY.**

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT
 PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

Sleep, Baby mine *), enkerchieft on my bosom,
 Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
 Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
 To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

*) Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning, "Sleep, Baby mine."

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would vain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,

When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be:
Who then will sooth thee, when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy!

Sleep, baby mine — To-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest:
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

P O E M S

WRITTEN DURING OR SHORTLY AFTER THE
PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

ODE

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

Mighty magician! who on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light,
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death-shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chaunt the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance,
And mark the northern meteor's dance,

(While far below the fitful oar
 Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,)
 And list the music of the breeze,
 That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
 And often bears with sudden swell
 The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
 By the spirits sung, who keep
 Their night-watch on the treacherous deep,
 And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye
 To Helice in northern sky:
 And there upon the rock inclined
 With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
 Such as bound in magic spell
 Him *) who grasp'd the gates of Hell,
 And bursting Pluto's dark domain,
 Held to the day the terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
 Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
 Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
 Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
 Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
 Who shall now thy wand inherit,
 From him **) thy darling child who best
 Thy shuddering images exprest?
 Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
 His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd,
 And now he lays his aching head
 In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
 Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
 And, oh! for ever must its efforts sleep?
 May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain?
 Oh yes, 'tis his!— Thy other son;
 He throws the dark-wrought tunic on,
 Fuesslin waves thy wand, — again they rise,
 Again thy wildering form salute our ravish'd eyes,
 Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep
 Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung,
 And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,
 Woo'd the stern infant to the arms of sleep.

*) Dante.

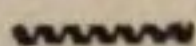
**) Ibid.

Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulf bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-sob, and disdaining rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.
Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight
The savage feast and spectred fight;
And summon'd from his mountain tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled Runic rhymes to sing,
While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing;
Thou showd'st the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam,
Or crowd the foaming desert stream:
Lastly her storied hand she waves,
And lays him in Florentian caves;
Their milder fables, lovelier themes,
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,
There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half-reluctant tear;
And now at noon of night he roves
Along the embowering moonlight groves,
And as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs;
And as upon the turf he lies,
Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees below the gliding sprite,
And hears in Fancy's organs sound
Aërial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smooths the whole
And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,
The wondrous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams:— The shadow flies,
And fainting fast its image dies.

But, lo! the Painter's magic force
 Arrests the phantom's fleeting course;
 It lives — it lives — the canvass glows,
 And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.
 The Bard beholds the work achiev'd,
 And as he sees the shadow rise,
 Sublime before his wandering eyes,
 Starts at the image his own mind conceived.



O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

Retired, remote from human noise,
 A humble Poet dwelt serene;
 His lot was lowly, yet his joys
 Were manifold, I ween.
 He laid him by the brawling brook
 At eventide to ruminate,
 He watch'd the swallow skimming round,
 And mused, in reverie profound,
 On wayward man's unhappy state,
 And ponder'd much, and paused on deeds of ancient
 date.

“Oh, 'twas not always thus,” he cried;
 “There was a time, when Genius claim'd
 Respect from even towering Pride,
 Nor hung her head ashamed:
 But now to Wealth alone we bow;
 The titled and the rich alone
 Are honour'd, while meek Merit pines,
 On Penury's wretched couch reclines,
 Unheeded in his dying moan,
 As overwhelm'd with want and woe, he sinks un-
 known.”

“Yet was the muse not always seen
 In Poverty's dejected mien,
 Not always did repining rue,
 And misery her steps pursue.
 Time was when nobles thought their titles graced,
 By the sweet honours of poetic bays,

When Sidney sung his melting song,
When Sheffield join'd the harmonious throng,
And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays.

Those days are gone — alas, for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace
Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
But arrogantly deem the muse as base;
How different thought the sires of this degenerate
race!..

Thus sang the minstrel: — still at eve
The upland's woody shades among
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song,
And still his theme was aye the same,
Neglect had stung him to the core;
And he with pensive joy did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er,
And vow that he would join the abjured world no
more.

But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle into his view,
And all amazed, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer!

Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flashed cross the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a single solitary beam,
While all around remain'd in custom'd night.
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illumine the heavy gloom with pure and steady
light.

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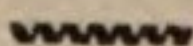
DESCRIPTION  
**OF A SUMMER'S EVE.**

Down the sultry arc of day  
The burning wheels have urged their way,  
And eve along the western skies  
Spreads her intermingling dyes.  
Down the deep, the miry lane,  
Creeking comes the empty wain,  
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,  
Whistling now and then by fits;  
And oft, with his accustom'd call,  
Urging on the sluggish Ball.  
The barn is still, the master's gone,  
And thresher puts his jacket on,  
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,  
Nails the dead kite to the wall.  
Here come shepherd Jack at last,  
He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast,  
For 'twas but two nights before,  
A lamb was eaten on the moor:  
His empty wallet *Rover* carries,  
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries.  
With lolling tongue he runs to try,  
If the horse-trough be not dry.  
The milk is settled in the pans,  
And supper messes in the cans;  
In the hovel carts are drove a-field;  
The horses are all bedded up,  
And the ewe is with the tup,  
The snare for Mister Fox is set,  
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,  
And Bess has slink'd away to talk  
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,  
Are set to eat their supper mess;  
And little Tom, and roguish Kate,  
Are swinging on the meadow gate.  
Now they chat of various things,  
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,  
Or else tell all the village news,  
How madam did the squire refuse;



How parson on his tithes was bent,  
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.  
Thus do they talk, till in the sky  
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,  
And from the alehouse drunken Ned  
Had reel'd — then hasten all to bed.  
The mistress sees that lazy Kate  
The happing coal on kitchen grate  
Has laid — while master goes throughout,  
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,  
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,  
And nought from thieves or fire to fear:  
Then both to bed together creep,  
And join the general troop of sleep.



### TO CONTEMPLATION.

Come, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell  
In some retired Lapponian cell,  
Where, far from noise and riot rude,  
Resides sequester'd Solitude.  
Come, and o'er my longing soul  
Throw thy dark and russet stole,  
And open to my duteous eyes,  
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,  
Where, with printless footsteps still  
The morning in her buskin grey,  
Springs upon her eastern way;  
While the frolic zephyrs stir,  
Playing with the gossamer,  
And, on ruder pinions borne,  
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.  
There as o'er the fields we pass,  
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,  
We will startle from her nest  
The lively lark with speckled breast,  
And hear the floating clouds among,  
Her gale-transported matin song,  
Or on the upland stile embower'd,  
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,



Will sauntering sit, and listen still  
To the herdsman's oaten quill,  
Wafted from the plain below;  
Or the heifer's frequent low;  
Or the milkmaid in the grove,  
Singing of one that died for love:  
Or when the noontide heats oppress,  
We will seek the dark recess,  
Where, in the embower'd translucent stream,  
The cattle shun the sultry beam,  
And o'er us on the marge reclined,  
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,  
While Echo, from her ancient oak,  
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;  
Or the little peasant's song,  
Wandering lone the glens among,  
His artless lip with berries dyed,  
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But, oh! when evening's virgin queen  
Sits on her fringed throne serene,  
And mingling whispers rising near,  
Still on the still reposing ear:  
While distant brooks decaying round,  
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,  
And the zephyr flitting by,  
Whispers mystic harmony,  
We will seek the woody lane,  
By the hamlet, on the plain,  
Where the weary rustic nigh,  
Shall whistle his wild melody,  
And the croaking wicket oft  
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;  
And as we trace the green path lone,  
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,  
We will muse on pensive lore  
Till the full soul brimming o'er,  
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,  
Embodied in a quivering tear:  
Or else, serenely silent, set  
By the brawling rivulet,  
Which on its calm unruffled breast,  
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,  
That claps its secret stream of glass



Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,  
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,  
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,  
We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,  
The rich vermilion slowly fade;  
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,  
The first glimpse of the eastern star,  
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,  
That heralds in imperial night;  
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,  
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,  
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,  
Invoking soft the sober suit  
Of dimmest darkness — fitting well  
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,  
(So erst did music's silver tone  
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne.)  
And haply then, with sudden swell,  
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,  
While in the castle's mouldering tower,  
The hooting owl is heard to pour  
Her melancholy song, and scare  
Dull Silence brooding in the air.  
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car,  
Black-suited Night drives on from far,  
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,  
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,  
And summons to her silent call,  
Sweeping in their airy pall,  
The unshriv'd ghosts in fairy trance.  
To join her moonshine morrice-dance:  
While around the mystic ring  
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,  
Then with a passing shriek they fly,  
Wrapt in mists, along the sky,  
And oft are by the shepherd seen,  
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet  
To the low abbey's still retreat,  
Embower'd in the distant gleen,  
Far from the haunts of busy men,  
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,  
The glowworm's light may gild the gloom,



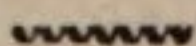
And show to Fancy's saddest eye,  
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.  
And oh, as through the mouldering arch,  
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,  
The night-gale whispers sadly clear,  
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,  
We'll hold communion with the shade  
Of some deep-wailing ruin'd maid—  
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,  
To tell of woe and Fortune's frown;  
And bid us cast the eye of hope  
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.  
Or if these joys, to us denied,  
To linger by the forest's side;  
Or in the meadow, or the wood,  
Or by the lone romantic flood;  
Let us in the busy town,  
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,  
Far from drowsy pillows flee,  
And turn the church's massy key;  
Then, as through the painted glass  
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;  
And darkly on the trophied wall,  
Her faint ambiguous shadows fall;  
Let us, while the faint winds wail,  
Through the long reluctant aisle,  
As we pace with reverence meet,  
Count the echoings of our feet:  
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,  
Distinct responds the voice of death.  
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,  
Thus on my footsteps to attend,  
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,  
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,  
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,  
And sagely spell of ancient lore,  
Till I can rightly guess of all  
That Plato could to memory call,  
And scan the formless views of things,  
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,  
Arrange the mystic trains that shine  
In night's high philosophic mine;  
And to thy name shall e'er belong  
The honours of undying song.



**ODE**

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

Oh! thou who, in my early youth,  
When fancy wore the garb of truth,  
Were wont to win my infant feet,  
To some retired, deep-fabled seat,  
Where by the brooklet's secret tide,  
The midnight ghost was known to glide;  
Or lay me in some lonely glade,  
In native Sherwood's forest shade,  
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,  
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;  
And there, as musing deep I lay,  
Would steal my little soul away,  
And all thy pictures represent,  
Of siege and solemn tournament;  
Or bear me to the magic scene,  
Where clad in greaves and gaberdine,  
The warrior knight of chivalry  
Made many a fierce enchanter flee:  
And bore the high-born dame away,  
Long held the fell magician's prey;  
Or oft would tell the shuddering tale  
Of murders, and of goblins pale  
Haunting the guilty baron's side,  
(Whose floors with secret blood were dyed,)  
Which o'er the vaulted corridore,  
On stormy nights was heard to roar,  
By old domestic, waken'd wide  
By the angry winds that chide;  
Or else the mystic tale would tell,  
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

**THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.**

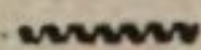
Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,  
My dear, my long-lost native home!  
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,  
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!  
Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,  
O'er many a distant foreign land;



Each place, each province I have tried,  
 And sung and danced my saraband.  
 But all their charms could not prevail  
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report  
 Allured me from my native land;  
 It bade me rove—my sole support  
 My cymbals and my saraband.  
 The woody dell, the hanging rock,  
 The chamois skipping o'er the height's;  
 The plain adorn'd with many a flock,  
 And, oh! a thousand more delights,  
 That grace yon dear beloved retreat,  
 Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,  
 No more my little home I'll leave;  
 And many a tale of what I've seen  
 Shall while away the winter's eve.  
 Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,  
 O'er many a distant foreign land;  
 Each place, each province I have tried,  
 And sung and danced my saraband;  
 But all their charms could not prevail,  
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.



## LINES.

*Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published. — "It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."*

Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!  
 Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;  
 Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,  
 But tell not misery's son *that life is fair.*"

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,  
 And every year with new delight hast told,



Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,  
Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,  
*Thou* may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea,  
The storms of misery never burst on *thee*.

Go to the mat, where squalid Want reclines,  
Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines;  
Abide with him whom Penury's charms controul,  
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul,  
Survey his sleepless couch, and, standing there,  
Tell the poor pallid wretch *that life is fair!*

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,  
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled:  
Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,  
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,  
His muttering mouth contorted with despair,  
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,  
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;  
But now Neglect has stung him to the core,  
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;  
Domestic anguish winds his vitals round,  
And added Grief compells him to the ground.  
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,  
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on;  
And the pale mother, pining to decay,  
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of Fortune! to his early grave,  
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;  
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head  
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.  
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,  
And tell us then that life is *wond'rous fair!*

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,  
T'encourage genius, and to foster worth;  
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,  
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;  
'Tis just that life to thee should only show  
Her fairer side but little mix'd with woe.



.WRITTEN IN  
**THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.**

Sad solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,  
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;  
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,  
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie  
In dim obscurity before him, — thee,  
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call  
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,  
When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,  
I turn me wearisome; while all around,  
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness;  
I only wake to watch the sickly taper  
Which lights me to my tomb. — Yes, 'tis the hand  
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,  
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.  
My moments now are few — the sand of life  
Ebbs fastly to its finish. — Yet a little,  
And the last fleeting particle will fall,  
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.  
Come then, sad *Thought*, and let us meditate  
While meditate we may. — We have now  
But a small portion of what men call time  
To hold communion; for even now the knife,  
The separating knife, I feel divide  
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.  
Yes, I must die — I feel that I must die;  
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,  
Though Hope for me has smiled but to deceive,  
And Disappointment still pursued her blandishments,  
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me  
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,  
The shuddering void, the awful blank — futurity.  
Aye, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme  
Of earthly happiness — romantic schemes,  
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard  
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,  
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,  
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,  
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.  
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?  
Oh! none; — another busy brood of beings



Will shoot up in the interim, and none  
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,  
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets  
Of busy London;—Some short bustle's caused,  
A few enquiries, and the crowds close in,  
And all's forgotten. — On my grassy grave  
The men of future times will careless tread,  
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;  
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,  
Recall my vanish'd memory. — I did hope  
For better things! — I hoped I should not leave  
The earth without a vestige; — Fate decrees  
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.  
Henceforth, oh, world, no more of thy desires!  
No more of Hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!  
I abjure all. — Now other cares engross me,  
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,  
Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.



## PASTORAL SONG.

Come, Anna! come, the morning dawns,  
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies:  
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,  
And watch the early lark arise;  
While Nature, clad in vesture gay,  
Hails the loved return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade  
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;  
And then, secure beneath the shade,  
We'll listen to the throstle's tale;  
And watch the silver clouds above,  
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,  
That with its tones, so softly sweet,  
In cadence with my mellow flute,  
We may beguile the noontide heat;  
While near the mellow bee shall join,  
To raise a harmony divine.





And then at eve, when silence reigns,  
Except when heard the beetle's hum,  
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,  
To these sweet heights again we'll come;  
And thou to thy soft lute shalt play  
A solemn vesper to departing day.

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VERSES.

When pride and envy, and the scorn
Of wealth, my heart with gall embued,
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence in the solitude;
To hear the forest bee on wing,
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,
To lie and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan,
Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray:
So to the woods and waste I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower:
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
I'll to the forest caverns hie:
And in the dark and stormy nights
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
Who in the wintry wolds and floods,
Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
Or, as it drifted soft and slow,
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

* * * *

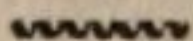
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**EPIGRAM**

ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Bloomfield, thy happy omen'd name  
 Ensures continuance to thy fame;  
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,  
 While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live!

**ODE TO MIDNIGHT.**

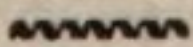
Season of general rest, whose solemn still  
 Strikes to the trembling heart, a fearful chill,  
 But speaks to philosophic souls delight,  
 Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,  
 My candle waning melancholy by,  
 I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb, that through the ether sails,  
 And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,  
 Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,  
 To her, while all around in sleep recline,  
 Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,  
 And sing the gentle honours of her name:

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends  
 To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,  
 And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,  
 And superstition's gentle terrors come,  
 See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!  
 See round yon church-yard elm what spectres  
 throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,  
 My flageolet—and, as I pensive play,  
 The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene:  
 The traveller late journeying o'er the moors,  
 Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull owl pours  
 Her hollow screams each dreary pause between,)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light  
 Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,  
 Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,  
 And 'mid the dreary solitude serene,  
 Cast a much meaning glance upon the scene,  
 And raise my mournful eye to Heaven, and weep.





THE REMAINS OF  
**ODE TO THOUGHT.**

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Hence away, vindictive Thought!  
Thy pictures are of pain;  
The visions through thy dark eye caught,  
They with no gentle charms are fraught,  
So pr'ythee back again.  
I would not weep,  
I wish to sleep,  
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?  
Is this thy new delight?  
Pale visitant, it is not thine  
To keep thy sentry through the mine,  
The dark vault of the night:  
'Tis thine to die,  
While o'er the eye  
The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

Go thou, and bide with him who guides  
His bark through lonely seas;  
And as reclining on his helm,  
Sadly he marks the starry realm,  
To him thou may'st bring ease;  
But thou to me  
Art misery,  
So pr'ythee, pr'ythee, plume thy wings, and from  
my pillow flee.

And, memory, pray what art thou?  
Art thou of pleasure born?  
Does bliss untainted from thee flow?  
The rose that gems thy pensive brow  
Is it without a thorn?  
With all thy smiles,  
And witching wiles,  
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway  
defiles.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot  
To call the solemn hour;



Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,  
While I in vain, capricious Sleep,  
Invoke thy tardy power;  
And restless lie,  
With unclosed eye,  
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

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GENIUS.

AN ODE.

Many there be, who, through the vale of life,
With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
While jarring Discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to woe.
By them unheeded, carking Care,
Green-eyed Grief, and dull Despair;
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy and through sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death.

But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping Woe and Disappointment keen,
Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
And self-consuming Spleen,
And these are Genius' favourites: these
Know the thought-throned mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wildering Rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan,
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being and his thirst for praise.

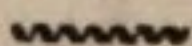
Thou gavest to him with treble force to feel
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn;
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or by his lonely lamp he sits
At solemn midnight when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

And, oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
'Tis for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes,
He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him, the youth, who smiled at death,
And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far-resounding fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bent them low;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou at thy flash'd ear dost nations draw,
Yet, ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
And Discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.

Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
 Mocking thy derided state:
 Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
 Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
 And leaves thee all forlorn;
 While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
 And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
 And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
 With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
 Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
 To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering
 in his grave.



FRAGMENT
OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
 A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
 Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
 Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.
 Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
 Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
 It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
 And through my lofty casement weaves,
 Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
 An intermingled beam.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
 This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame;
 These the dread signs of many a secret pang.
 These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
 Pale Moon from thoughts like these divert my soul;
 Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
 My lamp expires; — beneath thy mild control,
 These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
 Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
 And breathe the soul of peace;
 Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
 It is not pain that brings this tear,
 For thou hast bid it cease.

Oh! many a year has pass'd away
 Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
 Attuned my infant reed;
 When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
 Those happy moments now no more—

* * * *

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
 And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
 Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
 To inspire my trance.

 Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
 Your magic sweets on me to shed,
 In vain your powers are now essay'd
 To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?
 So swiftly pleasure flies;
 So to mankind, in darkness lost,
 The beam of ardour dies,
 Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,
 And now, encurtain'd in the main,
 Thou sinkest into rest;
 But I, in vain, on thorny bed,
 Shall woo the god of soft repose—

* * * *

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### FRAGMENT.

Loud rage the winds without.— The wintry cloud  
 O'er the cold north star casts her flitting shroud;  
 And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,  
 Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale;  
 Where now, shut out from every still retreat,  
 Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,  
 Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,  
 Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood?  
 Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance  
 The drifted fleeces that around him dance,  
 And hurries on his half-averted form,  
 Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.  
 Him soon shall greet his snow-topt (cot of thatch,)  
 Soon shall his 'numbed hand tremble on the latch,



Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame  
Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame;  
Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,  
What merry groups of vacant faces crowd;  
These hail is coming—these his meal prepare,  
And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied,  
Even Sadness brightens at her own fire-side,  
Loves, with fix'd eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,  
While musing Memory dwells on former days;  
Or Hope, blest spirit! smiles—and still forgiven,  
Forgets the passport, while she points to Heaven.  
Then heap the fire,— shut out the biting air,  
And from its station wheel the easy chair;  
Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit 'tis sweet  
To hear without the bitter tempest beat,  
All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,  
The pensive tenant of obscurity.

\* \* \* \* \*



### FRAGMENT.

Oh! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,  
Consumption, silent cheater of the eye;  
Thou comest not robed in agonizing pain,  
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,  
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;  
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,  
And, while thou givest new lustre to the eye,  
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,  
E'en then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.  
Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth,  
Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd,  
And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering tooth  
I knew would never stay, till, all consumed,  
In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.

But oh, what sorrow did I feel, as swift,  
Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly  
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,  
Preparing swift her passage to the sky.



Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,  
 The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;  
 Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,  
 And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant  
 trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,  
 And dissolution hover'd o'er her head:  
 Even then *so beauteous* did her form appear,  
 That none who saw her but admiring said,  
 Sure so much beauty never could be dead.  
 Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,  
 Bent lowly down upon the languid—

\* \* \* \* \*

---

I have a wish, and near my heart  
 That wish lies buried:  
 To keep it there's a foolish part,  
 For, oh! it must not be,  
 It must not, must not, be.

Why, my fond heart, why beat'st thou so?  
 The dream is fair to see—  
 But, bid the lovely flatterer go;  
 It must not, must not, be,  
 Oh! no, it must not be.

'Tis well this tear in secret falls,  
 This weakness suits not me;  
 I know where sterner duty calls—  
 It must not, cannot, be,  
 Oh! no, it cannot be,

---

Once more his beagles wake the slumb'ring morn,  
 And the high woodland echoes to his horn,  
 As on the mountain cliff the hunter band  
 Chase the fleet chamois o'er the unknown land,  
 Or sadly silent, from some jutting steep,  
 He throws his line into the gulphy deep.  
 Where in the wilderness, grotesque and drear,  
 The loud Arve stuns the eve's reposing ear;  
 Or, if his lost domestic joys arise,



Once more the prattler its endearments tries —  
It lisps "My father!" and as newly prest  
Its close embraces meet his lonely breast.  
His long-lost partner, too, at length restored,  
Leans on his arm, and decks the social board.  
Yet still, mysterious on his fever'd brain  
The deep impressions of his woes remain:  
He thinks she weeps. — "And why, my love, so pale?  
"What hidden grief could o'er thy peace prevail,  
"Or is it fancy — yet thou dost but \*\*;"  
And then he weeps, and weeps he knows not why.

---

Drear winter! who dost knock  
So loud and angry on my cottage roof  
In the loud night-storm wrapt, while drifting snows  
The cheerless waste invest, and cold, and wide,  
Seen by the flitting star, the landscape gleams;  
With no unholy awe I hear thy voice,  
As by my dying embers, safely housed,  
I, in deep silence, muse. Tho' I am lone,  
And my low chimney owns no cheering voice  
Of friendly converse; yet not comfortless  
Is my long evening, nor devoid of thoughts  
To cheat the silent hours upon their way.  
There are, who in this dark and fearful night,  
Houseless, and cold of heart, are forced to bide  
These beating snows, and keen relentless winds —  
Wayfaring men, or wanderers whom no home  
Awaits, nor rest from travel, save the inn  
Where all the journeyers of mortal life  
Lie down at last to sleep. Yet some there be  
Who merit not to suffer. — Infancy,  
And sinew-shrinking age are not exempt  
From penury's severest, deadliest gripe.  
Oh, it doth chill the eddying heart's blood to see  
The guileless cheek of infancy turn'd blue  
With the keen cold. — Lo, where the baby hangs  
On his wan parent's hand; his shiv'ring skin  
Half bare, and opening to the biting gale.  
Poor shiv'rer, to his mother he up turns  
A meaning look in silence! then he casts  
Askance, upon the howling waste before,  
A mournful glance upon the forward way —



But all lies dreary, and cold as hope  
In his forsaken breast.

---

Behold the shepherd boy, who homeward tends,  
Finish'd his daily labour. — O'er the path,  
Deep overhung with herbage, does he stroll  
With pace irregular: by fits he runs,  
Then sudden stops with vacant countenance,  
And picks the pungent herb, or on the stile  
Listlessly sits and twines the reedy whip,  
And carols blithe his short and simple song.  
Thrice happy idler! — thou hast never known  
Refinement's piercing pang; thy joys are small,  
Yet are they unalloy'd with bitter thought  
And after misery. — As I behold  
Thy placid, artless countenance, I feel  
Strange envy of thy state, and fain would change  
These short, uncommon hours of keener bliss  
For thy long day of equal happiness.

Heaven grant no after trials may imprint  
Trouble's deep wrinkle on thine open face,  
And cloud thy generous features. — May'st thou tread  
In the calm paths thro' which thy fathers trod,  
To their late graves of honourable rest:  
So will thy lot be happy. So the hour  
Of death come clad in loveliness and joy;  
And as thou lay'st down thy blanched head  
Beneath the narrow mound, affection's hand  
Will bend the osier o'er thy peaceful grave,  
And bid the lily blossom on thy turf,  
But, oh! may heaven avert from thee the curse  
Of mad fanaticism! away! away —  
Let not the restless monster dare pollute  
The calm abodes of rural innocence!  
Oh! if the wide contagion reach thy breast,  
Unhappy peasant, peace will vanish thence,  
And raging turbulence will rack thy heart  
With feverish dismay: then discontent  
Will prey upon thy vitals, then will doubt  
And sad uncertainty in fierce array,  
With superstition's monstrous train surround  
Thy dreadful death-bed; and no soothing hand  
Will smooth the painful pillow, for the bonds



Of tender amity are all consumed  
By the prevailing fire. They all are lost  
In one ungovernable, selfish flame.  
Where has this pestilence arisen? — where  
The Hydra multitude of sister ills,  
Of infidelity, and open sin,  
Of disaffection, and repining gall?  
Oh, ye revered, venerable band,  
Who wear religion's ephod, unto ye  
Belongs with wakeful vigilance to check  
The growing evil. In the vicious town  
Fearless, and fix'd, the monster stands secure;  
But guard the rural shade! let honest peace  
Yet hold her ancient seats, and still preserve  
The village groups in their primeval bliss.  
Such was, Placidio, thy divine employ,  
Ere thou wert borne to some sublimer sphere  
By death's mild angel.

\* \* \* \*

---

Where yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise,  
Embow'red, remote, a lowly cottage lies;  
Before the door a garden spreads, where blows  
Now wild, once cultivate, the brier rose;  
Tho' choked with weeds, the lily there will peer,  
And early primrose hail the nascent year;  
There to the walls did jess'mine wreaths attach  
And many a sparrow twitter'd in the thatch,  
While in the woods that wave their heads on high  
The stock-dove warbled murmuring harmony.

There, buried in retirement, dwelt a sage,  
Whose reverent locks bespoke him far in age;  
Silent he was, and solemn was his mien,  
And rarely on his cheek a smile was seen.  
The village gossips had full many a tale  
About the aged "hermit of the dale."  
Some call'd him wizard, some a holy seer,  
Tho' all beheld him with an equal fear,  
And many a stout heart had he put to flight,  
Met in the gloomy wood-walks late at night.

Yet well, I ween, the sire was good of heart,  
Nor would to ought one heedless pang impart;



His soul was gentle, but he'd known of woe,  
Had known the world, nor longer wish'd to know.  
Here, far retired from all its busy ways,  
He hoped to spend the remnant of his days;  
And here, in peace, he till'd his little ground,  
And saw, unheeded, years revolving round.  
Fair was his daughter, as the blush of day,  
In her alone his hopes and wishes lay;  
His only care, about her future life,  
When death should call him from the haunts of strife.  
Sweet was her temper, mild as summer skies  
When o'er their azure no thin vapour flies;  
And but to see her aged father sad,  
No fear, no care, the gentle Fanny had.

Still at her wheel, the live-long day she sung,  
'Till with the sound the lonesome woodlands rung,  
And 'till usurp'd his long unquestion'd sway,  
The solitary bittern wing'd its way,  
Indignant rose, on dismal pinions borne,  
To find, untrod by man, some waste forlorn;  
Where, unmolested, he might hourly wail,  
And with his screams still load the heavy gale.

Once as I stray'd at eve, the woods among,  
To pluck wild strawberries, — I heard her song;  
And heard, enchanted, — oh, it was so soft,  
So sweet, I thought the cherubim aloft  
Were quiring to the spheres. Now the full note  
Did on the downy wings of silence float  
Full on the ravish'd sense, then died away,  
Distantly on the ear, in sweet decay.

Then, first I knew the cot; the simple pair;  
Tho' soon become a welcome inmate there:  
At eve, I still would fly to hear the lay,  
Which Fanny to her lute was wont to play;  
Or with the Sire, would sit and talk of war,  
For wars he'd seen, and bore full many a scar,  
And oft the plan of gallant siege he drew,  
And loved to teach me all the arts he knew.

\* \* \* \*

---



With slow step, along the desert sand,  
 Where o'er the parching plains broods red dismay,  
 The Arab chief leads on his ruthless band.  
 And, lo! a speck of dust is seen to play,  
 On the remotest confines of the day.  
 Arouse! arouse! fierce, does the chieftain cry,  
 Death calls! the caravan is on its way!  
 The warrior shouts. The Siroc hurries by,  
 Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd his murderous eye.

These lines might appear, by the metre, to have been intended for a stanza of the "*Christiad*," perhaps to have been introduced as a simile; but though the conception is striking, the composition is far more incorrect than *that* of that fine fragment.



### TO A FRIEND.

To *you* these pensive lines I fondly send,  
 Far distant now, my brother, and my friend.  
 If, 'mid the novel scene, thou yet art free  
 To give one silent, museful hour to me,  
 Turn from the world, and fancy, whisp'ring near,  
 Thou hear'st the voice thou once did'st love to hear.  
 Can time and space, howe'er with anguish fraught,  
 Damp the warm heart, or chain the soaring thought?  
 Or, when most dread, the nascent joy they blast,  
 Chase from the mind the image of the past!  
 Ah, no! when death has robb'd her hoard of bliss,  
 What stays to soothe the widow's hours, but this? —  
 This cheers her dreams, and cheats the ling'ring time  
 Till she shall reach \* \* \* \* \*

---

Oh! had the soul's deep silence pow'r to speak;  
 Could the warm thought the bars of distance break!  
 Could the lone music to thine ear convey  
 Each rising sigh, and all the heart can say!  
 Dear to my breast, beyond conception dear,  
 Would the long solitude of night appear:  
 Sweet would it be to hear the winds complain —  
 To mark the heavings of the moonlight main;



Sweet to behold the silent hamlet lie,  
 With \* \* \* \* \*  
 But sweeter far \* \* \* \* \*  
 Rose not unshar'd, nor fell unmark'd by thee.

---

The harp is still! Weak tho' the spirit were  
 That whisper'd in its rising harmonies;  
 Yet Mem'ry, with her sister, fond Regret,  
 Loves to recall the wild and wandering airs  
 That cheer'd the long-fled hours, when o'er the strings  
 That spirit hover'd. Weak, and though it were  
 To pour the torrent of impetuous song,  
 't was not weak to touch the sacred chords  
 Of pity, or to summon with dark spell  
 Of witching rhymes, the spirits of the deep  
 Form'd to do Fancy's bidding; and to fetch  
 Her perfumes from the morning star, or dye  
 Her volant robes with the bright rainbow's hues.

\* \* \* \*

---

\* \* \* \*

Or should the day be overcast,  
 We'll linger till the show'r be past;  
 Where the hawthorn's branches spread  
 A fragrant covert o'er the head.  
 And list the rain-drops beat the leaves,  
 Or smoke upon the cottage eaves;  
 Or silent dimpling on the stream  
 Convert to lead its silver gleam;  
 And we will muse on human life,  
 And think, from all the storms of strife,  
 How sweet to find a snug retreat  
 Where we may hear the tempests beat,  
 Secure and fearless, — and provide  
 Repose for life's calm eventide.

---

Mild vesper, favourite of the Paphian Queen,  
 Whose lucid lamp on evening's twilight zone,  
 Sheds a soft lustre o'er the gloom serene,  
 Only by Cynthia's silver beam outshone:



Thee I invoke to point my lonely way  
 O'er these wild wastes, to where my lover bides,  
 For thou alone canst lend thy friendly ray,  
 Now the bright moon toward the ocean glides —  
 No midnight murderer asks thy guilty aid,  
 No nightly robber \* \* \* \* \*  
 I am alone, by silly love betray'd.  
 To woo the star of Venus \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

---

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,  
 This truth's confest,— That man's worst foe is man.  
 The rav'ning tribes, that crowd the sultry zone,  
 Prey on all kinds and colours, but their own.  
 Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,  
 Instinct's first law, their covenant and guard.  
 But man alone, the lord of ev'ry clime,  
 Whose post is godlike, and whose pow'rs sublime,  
*Man*, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,  
 Pleased with the last great effort of his will,  
 Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,  
 Prays on his kind, and laps his brother's blood;  
 His fellow leads, where hidden pit-falls lie,  
 And drinks with ecstasy his dying sigh.

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ODE TO LIBERTY.

Hence to thy darkest shades, dire Slavery, hence !
 Thine icy touch can freeze,
 Swift as the Polar breeze,
 The proud defying port of human sense.
 Hence to thine Indian cave,
 To where the tall canes whisper o'er thy rest,
 Like the murmuring wave
 Swept by the dank wing of the rapid west:
 And at the night's still noon,
 The lash'd Angolan, in his grated cell,
 Mix'd with the tyger's yell,
 Howls to the dull ear of the silent moon.

But come, thou goddess, blithe and free,
Thou mountain-maid, sweet Liberty!
With buskin'd knee, and bosom bare,
Thy tresses floating in the air;
Come, — and treading on thy feet,
Independence let me meet,
Thy giant mate, whose awful form
Has often braved the bellowing storm!
And heard its angry spirit shriek,
Rear'd on some promontory's beak,
Seen by the lonely fisher far,
By the glimpse of flitting star.

His awful bulk, in dusky shroud,
Commixing with the pitchy cloud;
While at his feet the lightnings play,
And the deep thunders die away,
Goddess, come, and let us sail
On the fresh reviving gale;
O'er dewy lawns, and forests lone,
'Till lightning on some mountain stone,
That scales the circumambient sky,
We see a thousand nations lie.
From Zembla's snows, to Afric's heat,
Prostrate beneath our frolic feet.

From Italy's luxurious plains,
Where everlasting summer reigns,
Why, goddess, dost thou turn away?
Didst thou never sojourn there!
Oh, yes, thou didst — but fallen is Rome;
The pilgrim weeps her silent doom,
As at midnight, murmuring low,
Along the mouldering portico,
He hears the desolate wind career,
While the rank ivy whispers near.
Ill fated Gaul! ambitious grasp
Bids thee again in slavery gasp.
Again the dungeon walls resound
The hopeless shriek, the groan profound.
But, lo, in yonder happy skies,
Helvetia's airy mountains rise,
And, oh, on her tall cliffs reclined,
Gay Fancy, whispering to the mind:

As the wild herdsman's call is heard,
Tells me, that she, o'er all preferr'd
In every clime, in every zone,
Is Liberty's divinest throne.
Yet, whence that sight, O goddess, say,
Has the tyrant's thirsty sway
Dared profane the sacred seat,
Thy long high-favour'd, best retreat?
It has! it has! away, away,
To where the green isles woo the day,
Where thou art still supreme, and where
Thy Pacans fill the floating air.

* * * * *

Who is it leads the planets on their dance —
The mighty sisterhood? Who is it strikes
The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 'tis the voice of planets on their dance,
Led by the arch-contriver. Beautiful
The harmony of order! How they sing:
The regulated orbs, upon their path
Through the wide trackless ether, sing as though
A syren sat upon each glitt'ring gem,
And made fair music — such as mortal hand
Ne'er raised on the responding chords; more like
The mystic melody that of the bard
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,
Touch'd by some unknown beings that reside
In evening breezes, or, at dead of night,
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.
This is the music which, in ages hush'd,
Ere the Assyrian quaff'd his cups of blood
Kept the lone Chald awake, when thro' the night
He watch'd his herds. The solitary man,
By frequent meditation, learnt to spell
Yon sacred volume of high mystery.
He could arrange the wandering passengers,
From the pale star, first on the silent brow
Of the meek-tressed Eve, to him who shines,
Son of the morning, orient Lucifer:
Sweet were to him in that unletter'd age,
The openings of wonder. — He could gaze

Till his whole soul was fill'd with mystery,
 And every night-wind was a spirit's voice,
 And every far-off mist, a spirit's form:
 So with fables, and wild romantic dreams
 He mix'd his truth, and couch'd in symbols dark.
 Hence, blind idolatry arose, and men
 Knelt to the sun, or at the dead of night
 Pour'd their orisons to the cloud-wrapt moon.
 Hence, also, after ages into stars
 Transform'd their heroes; and the warlike chief,
 With fond eye fix'd on some resplendent gem,
 Held converse with the spirits of his sires:—
 With other eyes than these did Plato view
 The heav'ns, and, fill'd with reasonings sublime,
 Half pierced, at intervals, the mystery,
 Which with the gospel vanish'd, and made way
 For noon-day brightness. * * *

* * * * *

How beautiful upon the element
 The Egyptian moonlight sleeps;
 The Arab on the bank hath pitch'd his tent;
 The light wave dances, sparkling, o'er the deep;
 The tall reeds whisper in the gale,
 And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail.
 Thou mighty Nile! and thou receding main,
 How peacefully ye rest upon your shores,
 Tainted no more, as when from Cairo's tow'rs,
 Roll'd the swoln corse, by plague! the monster! slain.
 Far as the eye can see around,
 Upon the solitude of waters wide,
 There is no sight, save of the restless tide—
 Save of the winds, and waves, there is no sound.

Egyptia sleeps, her sons in silence sleep!
 Ill-fated land, upon thy rest they come—
 Th' invader, and his host. Behold the deep
 Bears on her farthest verge a dusky gloom—
 And now they rise, the masted forests rise,
 And gallants, through the foam, their way they make.
 Stern Genius of the Memphian shores, awake—
 The foeman in thy inmost harbour lies,
 And ruin o'er thy land with brooding pennon flies.

* * * * *

Ghosts of the dead, in grim array,
Surround the tyrant's nightly bed!
And in the still, distinctly say,
I by thy treach'ry bled.
And I, and I, ten thousands cry;
From Jaffa's plains, from Egypt's sands,
They come, they raise the chorus high,
And whirl around in shrieking bands.
Loud, and more loud, the clamours rise,
"Lo! there the traitor! murderer! lies."
He murder'd me, he murder'd thee,
And now his bed, his rack shall be.
As when a thousand torrents roar,
Around his head their yells they pour.
The sweat-drops start, convulsion's hand
Binds every nerve in iron band.
'Tis done! they fly, the clamours die,
The moon is up, the night is calm,
Man's busy broods in slumbers lie;
But horrors still the tyrant's soul alarm,
And ever and anon, serenely clear,
Have mercy, mercy, heaven! strikes on dull mid-
night's ear.

~~~~~

## O D E

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

What means yon trampling! what that light  
That glimmers in the inmost wood;  
As tho' beneath the felon night,  
It mark'd some deed of blood;  
Behold yon figures dim descried  
In dark array they speechless glide.  
The forest moans; the raven's scream  
As from the castle's topmost tow'r,  
It chants its boding song alone:  
A song, that at this awful hour  
Bears dismal tidings in its funeral tone;  
Tidings, that in some grey domestic's ear  
Will on his wakeful bed strike deep mysterious fear.

And, hark, that loud report! 'tis done;  
There's murder couch'd in yonder gloom;



'Tis done, 'tis done! the prize is won,  
 Another rival meets his doom.  
 The tyrant smiles, — with fell delight  
 He dwells upon the \* \* \* \* \*  
 The tyrant smiles; from terror freed,  
 Exulting in the foul misdeed,  
 And sternly in his secret breast  
 Marks out the victims next to fall.  
 His purpose fix'd; their moments fly no more,  
 He points, — the poniard knows its own;  
 Unseen it strikes, — unseen they die,  
 Foul midnight only hears, and shudders at the  
 groan.  
 But justice yet shall lift her arm on high,  
 And Bourbon's blood no more ask vengeance from  
 the sky.

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## SONNETS.

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### TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

Lofft, unto thee one tributary song  
 The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;  
 She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,  
 And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.  
 Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,  
 Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,  
 Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,  
 And to thy bosom snatch'd Misfortune's child;  
 Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,  
 Upright, and learned, as the Pylvian sire,  
 Would say how sweetly thou could'st sweep the  
 lyre,  
 And show thy labours for the public weal.  
 Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme,  
 But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous  
 theme.



**TO THE MOON.**

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

Sublime, emerging from the misty verge  
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,  
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale  
Seems to repeat the year's funeral dirge.  
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,  
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,  
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,  
With double joy my homage do I pay.  
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,  
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,  
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray,  
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,  
And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring  
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

---

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Fast from the West the fading day-streaks fly,  
And ebon night assumes her solemn sway,  
Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,  
And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.  
Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd  
The maid of musings by yon moaning wave,  
And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd,  
Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!  
The busy world pursues its boisterous way,  
The noise of revelry still echoes round,  
Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;  
Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.  
Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease,  
And 'neath the green-sward sleep the sleep of peace.

---

Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile,  
Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring;  
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,  
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling,  
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—  
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,



While in my ears the howls of fairies ring,  
And melancholy wastes the vital fire?  
Away with thoughts like these — To some lone cave  
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps  
the wave,  
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,  
I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse  
Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse,  
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

---

Poor little one! most bitterly did pain,  
And life's worst ills, assail thine early age;  
And quickly tired with this rough pilgrimage  
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.  
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life  
Thou laid'st thine aching head, and thou didst sigh  
A little while, ere to its kindred sky  
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife!  
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner!  
Thou had'st no mother to direct thy ways;  
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,  
Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir  
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,  
And look'st, and smilest on this world's transient  
woes.

---

### TO DECEMBER.

Dark visaged visitor, who comest here  
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat  
(While glooms, and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)  
The solemn requiem of the dying year;  
Not undelightful to my list'ning ear  
Sound thy dull show'rs, as o'er my woodland seat,  
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat:  
Not undelightful, in their wild career,  
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,  
Sweeping the groves' long aisle, while sullen Time  
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,  
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,  
Joins the full-pealing dirge, and winter weaves  
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

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**MISFORTUNE.**

Misfortune, I am young, my chin is bare,  
 And I have wonder'd much when men have told  
 How youth was free from sorrow and from care,  
 That thou should'st dwell with me, and leave the old.  
 Sure dost not like me! — Shrivell'd hag of hate,  
 My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;  
 I am not either, Beldame, over strong;  
 Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,  
 For thou, sweet fury, art my utter hate.  
 Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate,  
 I am yet young, and do not like thy face;  
 And, lest thou should'st resume the wild-goose chase,  
 I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,  
 — Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

---

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,  
 (Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet  
 To the dark woodland, longing much to greet  
 The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;  
 Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,  
 Fills my sad breast; and, tired with this vain coil,  
 I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.  
 And as amid the leaves the evening air  
 Whispers still melody, — I think ere long,  
 When I no more can hear, these woods will speak:  
 And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,  
 And mournful phantasies upon me throng,  
 And I do ponder with most strange delight,  
 On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

**TO APRIL.**

Emblem of life! see changeful April sail  
 In varying vest along the shadowy skies,  
 Now bidding summer's softest zephyrs rise,  
 Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,  
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;  
 Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,  
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,  
 Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.



So to us, sojourners in Life's low vale,  
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,  
While still the Fates the web of Misery weave;  
So Hope exultant spreads her æery sail,  
And from the present gloom the soul conveys  
To distant summers and far happier days.

---

Ye unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,  
At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,  
Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,  
As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies,  
When he who now invokes you low is laid,  
His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed,  
Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,  
And chant a dirge to his reposing shade!  
For he was wont to love your madrigals;  
And often by the haunted stream that laves  
The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,  
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,  
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,  
And his big heart would heave with mournful ecstasy.

---

### TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight — On the globe dead slumber sits  
And all is silence — in the hour of sleep;  
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,  
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.  
I wake alone to listen and to weep,  
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;  
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,  
To think of days that never can return.  
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,  
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;  
And the sad meaning tear, unmixt with dread,  
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.  
Like thee I wane; like thine my life's last ray  
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

---



**TO MY MOTHER.**

And canst thou, *Mother*, for a moment think,  
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed,  
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,  
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?  
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink  
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,  
To pine in solitude thy life away,  
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.  
Banish the thought! — where'er our steps may roam,  
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,  
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,  
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;  
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,  
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

---

Yes, 'twill be over soon. — This sickly dream  
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;  
And death my wearied spirit will redeem  
From this wild region of unvaried pain.  
Yon brook will glide as softly as before, —  
Yon landscape smile, — yon golden harvest grow, —  
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,  
When Henry's name is heard no more below.  
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,  
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;  
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,  
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.  
God of the just — Thou gavest the bitter cup;  
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

---

**TO CONSUMPTION.**

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,  
Consumption, lay thine hand! — let me decay,  
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,  
And softly go to slumber with the dead.  
And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,  
That strains angelic oft foretell the day  
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,  
O let the ærial music round my bed,



Dissolving sad in dying symphony,  
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;  
 That I may bid my weeping friends good bye  
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear:  
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,  
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

## TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DESBARREAUX.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just: thou lovest to wear  
 The face of pity and of love divine;  
 But mine is guilt — thou must not, canst not spare  
 While heaven is true, and equity is thine.  
 Yes, oh my God! — such crimes as mine, so dread,  
 Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;  
 Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,  
 And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!  
 Thy will be done — since 'tis thy glory's due,  
 Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;  
 Smite — it is time — though endless death ensue,  
 I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.  
 But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,  
 That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning  
 blood?

## P O E M S

OF A LATER DATE.

### TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked,

*"If he did not feel for him?"*

*"Do I not feel?"* The doubt is keen as steel.

Yea, I do feel — most exquisitely feel;



My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye  
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:  
Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,  
And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.  
On this I act — whatever pangs surround,  
'Tis *magnanimity to hide the wound!*  
When all was new, and life was in its spring,  
I lived an unloved solitary thing;  
Even then I learnt to bury deep from day,  
The piercing cares that wore my youth away:  
Even then I learnt for others' cares to feel:  
Even then I wept I had not power to heal:  
Even then, deep-sounding through the nightly gloom,  
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the  
wretched's doom.

Who were my friends in youth? — The midnight fire —  
The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;  
To these I 'plain'd, or turn'd from outer sight,  
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;  
I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,  
For vulgar pity mixt with vulgar scorn;  
The sacred source of woe I never ope,  
My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope.  
But that I *do* feel, Time, my friend, will show,  
Though the cold crowd the secret never know;  
With them I laught — yet when no eye can see,  
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.  
Yes, thou didst wrong me, \* \* \*; I fondly thought  
In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought!  
I fondly thought, ere Time's last days were gone,  
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!  
Yes, — and they yet will mingle. Days and years  
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:  
We then shall feel that friendship has a power  
To sooth affliction in her darkest hour;  
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,  
And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,

H. K. WHITE.

*Half-past Eleven o'Clock at Night.*



**CHRISTMAS-DAY.**

1804.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my Harp,  
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain,  
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,  
And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,  
I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,  
Would join the dirge of the departing year.

Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,  
Wrought of the leafless branch of ivy sear,  
Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now;  
Me higher quarrels calls, with loudest song,  
And fearful joy to celebrate the day  
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns  
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse  
Of generations, since the day-spring first  
Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty mass  
Of that increasing aggregate we add  
One unit more. Space, in comparison,  
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;  
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,  
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;  
The oppressed too, in silent bitterness,  
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong,  
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,  
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.  
So has the year been character'd with woe  
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and  
crimes

Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* lived,  
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer  
And much thanksgiving.—*He*, a man of woes,  
Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,  
Yet borne with patience still:—*He* came to cheer  
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,  
And on the wandering and benighted mind  
To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!  
O more than angel teacher! *He* had words  
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds;  
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,  
Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm,



He, pointing to the star of peace on high,  
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile  
At the surrounding wreck. —

When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,  
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,  
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,  
His persecutors — "Father, pardon them,  
They know not what they do."

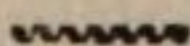
Angels of Heaven,

Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,  
And did him homage, say, may mortal join  
The hallelujahs of the risen God?

Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard  
Amid the seraphim in light divine?

Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,  
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,  
Low though it be and humble. — Lord of Life,  
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now  
Fills my uprising soul. I mount, I fly  
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;  
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,  
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

\* \* \* \*



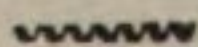
### NELSONI MORS.

Yet once again, my Harp, yet once again,  
One ditty more, and on the mountain-ash  
I will again suspend thee. I have felt  
The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,  
At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,  
I woke to thee the melancholy song.  
Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe.  
I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks  
Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;  
Not unrepining, for my froward heart  
Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow  
Of spring-gales past — the woods and storied haunts  
Of my not songless boyhood. — Yet once more,  
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,  
My long-neglected Harp. — He must not sink;  
The good, the brave — he must not, shall not sink



Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
 Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour  
 No precious dew of Aganippe's well,  
 Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud  
 I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse:  
 Yet will I wreath a garland for his brows,  
 Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent  
 Of Britain, my loved country; and with tears  
 Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe  
 Thy honor'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm  
 And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd  
 Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou, Pity, too,  
 If ever I have loved, with faltering step,  
 To follow thee in the cold and starless night,  
 To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff;  
 And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud  
 Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd  
 Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds  
 The dying soul's viaticum; if oft  
 Amid the carnage of the field I've sate  
 With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung  
 To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,  
 With mercy and forgiveness—visitant  
 Of heaven—sit thou upon my harp,  
 And give it feeling, which were else too cold  
 For argument so great, for theme so high,

How dimly on that morn the sun arose,  
 'Kerchieft in mists, and tearful, when—



## PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, oh, why dost thou forsake me?  
 Why art thou distant in the hour of fear?  
 To thee, my wonted help, I still betake me,  
 To thee I clamour, but thou dost not hear.

The beam of morning witnesses my sighing,  
 The lonely night-hour views me weep in vain,  
 Yet thou art holy, and, on thee relying,  
 Our fathers were released from grief and gain.



To thee they cried, and thou didst hear their wailing,  
 On thee they trusted, and their trust was sure;  
 But I, poor, lost, and wretched son of failing,  
 I, without hope, must scorn and hate endure.

Me they revile; with many ills molested,  
 They bid me seek of thee, O Lord, redress:  
 On God, they say, his hope and trust he rested,  
 Let God relieve him in his deep distress.

To me, Almighty! in thy mercy shining,  
 Life's dark and dangerous portals thou didst ope;  
 And softly on my mother's lap reclining,  
 Breathed thro' my breast the lively soul of hope.

Even from the womb, thou art my God, my Father!  
 Aid me, now trouble weighs me to the ground:  
 Me heavy ills have worn, and, faint and feeble,  
 The bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

My heart is melted and my soul is weary,  
 The wicked ones have pierced my hands and feet!  
 Lord, let thy influence cheer my bosom dreary:  
 My help! my strength! let me thy presence greet.

Save me! oh, save me! from the sword dividing,  
 Give me my darling from the jaws of death!  
 Thee will I praise, and in thy name confiding,  
 Proclaim thy mercies with my latest breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

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HYMN I.

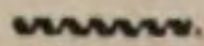
The Lord our God is full of might,
 The winds obey his will:
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
 With threat'ning aspect roar!
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine!
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest,

His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In the distant peal it dies;
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
 And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, — in reverence bend;
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
 And bid the choral song ascend,
 To celebrate your God.



HYMN II.

The Lord our God is Lord of all,
 His station who can find?
 I hear him in the waterfall!
 I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
 His face I cannot fly;
 I see him in the evening cloud,
 And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,
 From winter's polar snows,
 To where, across the burning sand,
 The blasting meteor glows!

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
 We hang upon his word: —
 He rears his red right arm on high,
 And ruin bares the sword.

He bids his blasts the fields deform —
 Then when his thunders cease,
 Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,
 And smiles the winds to peace!



HYMN III.

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

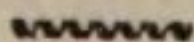
There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
'Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

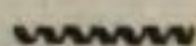
**HYMN IV.**

A FRAGMENT.

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward do,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?

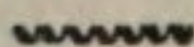


HYMN V.

Christians! brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

Now to God: the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again:
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.



HYMN.

*In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the
splendours of the Deity.*

Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

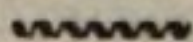
Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage — days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by Henry, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends, on the Trent, and singing it as he was used to do on such occasions.



A HYMN.

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

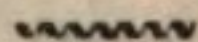
And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The Sun of Holiness shall shine,
 In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem:
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O Lord, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy law;
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow!
Sceptres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now Vengeance smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

MELODY.

Inserted in a Collection of Selected and Original Songs, published by the Rev. J. Plumptre, of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

Yes, once more that dying strain,
 Anna, touch thy lute for me;
 Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
 Doubly sweet is melody.

While the Virtues thus enweave
 Mildly soft the thrilling song,
 Winter's long and lonesome eve
 Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

Thus when life hath stolen away,
 And the wintry night is near,
 Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
 Age's closing evening cheer.

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**SONG. — BY WALLER.**

*A Lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional stanza written by him at the bottom of the Song here copied.*

Go, lovely rose!  
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired;  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.



Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

---

[Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise  
And teach the Maid  
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies;  
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.]  
H. K. WHITE.

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**"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD.."**

When twilight steals along the ground,  
And all the bells are ringing round,  
One, two, three, four, and five,  
I at my study-window sit,  
And, wrapt in many a musing fit,  
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet  
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
And I am inly glad,  
The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
And yet I cannot tell thee why,  
I am pleased and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away  
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
Does that disturb my breast?  
Nay, what have I, a studious man,  
To do with life's unstable plan,  
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,  
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top  
Must bend my lonely way?  
No, surely no! for give but me  
My own fire-side, and I shall be  
At home where'er I stray.



Then is it that yon steeple there,  
With music sweet shall fill the air,  
When thou no more canst hear?  
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven  
I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
But there is some mysterious spell  
That holds me when I'm glad;  
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,  
When yet in truth I know not why,  
Or wherefore I am sad.

### SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,  
That bids the silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief that bids me moan,  
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
When the tired hedger hies him home;  
Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,  
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,  
My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,  
It floods upon the water's bed;  
I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.



Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me, and loves me too;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

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If far from me the Fates remove  
Domestic peace, connubial love,  
The prattling ring, the social cheer,  
Affection's voice, affection's tear,  
Ye sterner power's, that bind the heart,  
To me your iron aid impart!  
O teach me, when the nights are chill,  
And my fire-side is lone and still;  
When to the blaze that crackles near,  
I turn a tired and pensive ear,  
And Nature conquering bids me sigh,  
For love's soft accents whispering nigh.  
O teach me, on that heavenly road  
That leads to Truth's occult abode,  
To wrap my soul in dreams divine,  
Till earth and care no more be mine.  
Let blest Philosophy impart  
Her soothing measures to my heart;  
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears  
I list the music of the spheres,  
Or on the mystic symbols pore,  
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,  
I shall not brood on summers gone,  
Nor think that I am all alone.

---

Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie!  
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!  
Where art thou, love? — Around I turn my eye,  
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.  
Was it a dream? or did my love behold  
Indeed my lonely couch? — Methought the breath  
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold  
And hollow, and the livery of death  
Invested her pale forehead. — Sainted maid!  
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,  
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave  
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.



Yet, hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore  
 Of better promise; and I know at last,  
 When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,  
 We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

## FRAGMENTS.

*These Fragments are Henry's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.*

### I.

Saw'st thou that light? exclaim'd the youth, and  
 paused:

Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream  
 That skirts the woods it for a moment play'd.

Again, more light it gleam'd, — or does some sprite  
 Delude mine eyes with sapes of wood and streams,  
 And lamp far beaming through the thicket's gloom,  
 As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice  
 Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,

Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?

No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows  
 With steady lustre. — Can it be the moon,  
 Who, hidden long by the invidious veil

That blots the Heavens, now sets behind the woods?

No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea  
 Of clouds beneath her, answered Rudiger,  
 She has been sleeping with Endymion.

\* \* \*

### II.

The pious man,

In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms  
 Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith  
 Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields  
 Of ether, where the day is never veil'd  
 With intervening vapours; and looks down  
 Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides  
 The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face



To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;  
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,  
The glaring sunbeam plays.

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## III.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,  
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,  
And from his tower of mist,  
Night's watchman hurries down.

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## IV.

There was a little bird upon that pile;  
It perch'd upon a ruin'd pinnacle,  
And made sweet melody.  
The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear,  
For other note none swell'd the air but his.  
It seem'd as if the little chorister,  
Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,  
Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,  
Yet withal cheerful. — I have heard the note  
Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,  
— — Much musing —

---

## V.

O pale art thou, my lamp, and faint  
Thy melancholy ray;  
When the still night's unclouded saint  
Is walking on her way.  
Through my lattice leaf embower'd,  
Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,  
And o'er my silent sacred room,  
Casts a chequer'd twilight gloom;  
I throw aside the learned sheet,  
I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet  
Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,  
Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,  
And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards!  
Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak  
Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd;



So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud  
 Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far  
 From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

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## VI.

O give me music — for my soul doth faint;  
 I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear  
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,  
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,  
 Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,  
 When all is still; and now it grows more strong,  
 As when the choral train their dirges weave,  
 Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,  
 O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars  
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.  
 Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,  
 And floating paeans fill the buoyant wind,  
 Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,  
 Far from its clayey cell it springs, —

\* \* \* \*

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## VII.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,  
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?  
 Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,  
 Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,  
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye  
 The illusive past and dark futurity:  
 Soon will they know —

\* \* \*

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## VIII.

And must thou go, and must we part?  
 Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit;  
 The pang that rends in twain my heart,  
 Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it?



Thy sex is fickle,— when away,  
Some happier youth may win thy —

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## IX.

## SONNET.

When I sit musing on the chequer'd past,  
(A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)  
My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows  
The tear, though half disown'd; — and binding fast  
Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,  
I say to her, she robb'd me of my rest,  
When that was all my wealth.— 'Tis true my breast  
Received from her this wearying, lingering smart,  
Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart;  
Though wrong'd, I love her— yet in anger love,  
For she was most unworthy.— Then I prove  
Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams,  
Throned in dark clouds, inflexible \* \* \*  
The native pride of my much injured heart.

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## X.

When high romance o'er every wood and stream  
Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire,  
Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering dream,  
First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre.  
All there was mystery then, the gust that woke  
The midnight echo with a spirit's dirge,  
And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,  
To their light morrice by the restless surge.  
Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,  
Too much \* \* \*  
The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,  
And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

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## XI.

Hush'd is the lyre — the hand that swept  
The low and pensive wires,  
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.



Yes — it is still — the lyre is still;  
 The spirit which its slumbers broke  
 Hath pass'd away, — and that weak hand that woke  
 Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.

Yet I would press you to my lips once more,  
 Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy;  
 Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,  
 Mix'd with decaying odours: for to me  
 Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,  
 As in the wood-paths of my native —

\* \* \* \*

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## XII.

Once more, and yet once more,  
 I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;  
 I heard the waters roar,  
 I heard the flood of ages pass away.  
 O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell  
 In thine eternal cell,  
 Noting, grey chronicler! the silent years;  
 I saw thee rise, — I saw the scroll complete,  
 Thou spakest, and at thy feet  
 The universe gave way.

~~~~~

T I M E ,

A POEM.

This poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove, or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

Genius of musings, who, the midnight hour,
 Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
 Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
 Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
 Or when the volley'd lightnings cleave the air,
 And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
 Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy lamp,
 Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,

And, 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
 Dost ponder on the awful scene and trace
 The vast *effect* to its superior source,—
 Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
 For now I strike to themes of import high
 The solitary lyre; and, borne by thee
 Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
 The mysteries of Time!

Him who, august
 Was ere these worlds were fashion'd, — ere the sun
 Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
 His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
 Or Vesper gilded the serener eye.
 Yea, He *had been* for an eternity!
 The harp of desolation — ere his tones,
 At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
 And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
 Chaos's sluggish sentry, and evoked
 From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
 Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,
 Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
 The dim uncertain gulf, which now the muse,
 Adventurous, would explore; — but dizzy grown,
 He topples down the abyss. — If he would scan
 The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
 Of its unfathomable depths, that so
 His mind may turn with double joy to God,
 His only certainty and resting place;
 He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
 And learn to follow, without giddiness,
 To heights where all is vision and surprise,
 And vague conjecture. — He must waste by night
 The studious taper, far from all resort
 Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat;
 High on the beetling promontory's crest,
 Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
 Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest
 shapes,
 He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
 In the great Architect, who lives confest
 In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine Philosophy. with voice
 Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
 Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
 Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
 His faint, neglected song — intend to snatch
 Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
 Of poesy, a bloom of such an hue,
 So sober, as may not unseemly suit
 With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
 So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
 Of many winters, — rearing its meek head
 In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
 Is number'd with the generations gone.
 Yet not to me hath God's good providence
 Given studious leisure *), or unbroken thought,
 Such as he owns, — a meditative man,
 Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
 Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
 Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
 From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
 With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
 Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
 Of stedfast application, but which leave
 No deep improving trace upon the mind.
 But be the day another's; — let it pass!
 The night's my own — They cannot steal my night!
 When evening lights her folding star on high,
 I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours
 Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
 Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
 And mounts the skies, and imp's her wing for heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid;
 Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,
 And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
 The night of ages, — *now* when the pale ray
 Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,
 And, at my window seated, while mankind
 Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
 Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
 Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
 Assumes her wonted sway.

*) The author was then in an attorney's office.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin-orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared. — The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering
nurse,
Poor victim! smiles. — Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nation's; and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral; — tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us — that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around
With grave-clothes; and their aching restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise: — Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday, since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd*) gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind — whole nations razed —
Cities made desolate, — the polish'd sunk

*) Alluding to the first astronomical observations made by the
Chaldean shepherds.

To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of grey Tradition, voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*. — The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eye-ball. — Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth — To-day — 'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling — how confined
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages, — when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for accompt. — O, it is strange.
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly views some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson. He *should* know
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast

That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
 Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
 The prey is mine. — They sleep, and never more
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
 Their memory burst its fetters.

Where is *Rome*?

She lives but in the tale of other times;
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
 Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
 Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.
 But not to Rome alone has fate confined
 The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
 Tyre, Sydon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
 And rich Phoenicia — they are blotted out,
 Half-razed from memory, and their very name
 And *being* in dispute. — Has Athens fallen?
 Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
 Of ignorance and sloth? and shall we dare

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

And empire seeks another hemisphere.
 Where now is Britain? — Where her laurell'd names,
 Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
 Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
 And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
 To primitive barbarity. — Again,
 Through her depopulated vales, the scream
 Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
 And the scared native to the tempest howls
 The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
 Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
 Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
 Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone
 That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
 The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
 From the dismaying solitude. — Her bards
 Sing in a language that hath perished;

And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before, — espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion. — To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise. — Meanwhile Nature smiles —
The seasons run their round — The sun fulfils
His annual course — and Heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged — still doom'd to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are conceal'd the days which have elapsed?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence, it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,
And turn the key of Time! — Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,

Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
 And not recoil from the dismaying sense
 Of human impotence? The life of man
 Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres:
 But the Eternal God had no beginning;
 He had no end. Time had been with him
 For *everlasting*, ere the daedal world
 Rose from the gulf in loveliness. — Like him
 It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
 What is it then? The past Eternity!
 We comprehend a *future* without end;
 We feel it possible that even yon sun
 May roll for ever: but we shrink amazed —
 We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time
 Knew no commencement; — that heap age on age,
 And million upon million, without end,
 And we shall never span the void of days
 That were, and are not but in retrospect.
 The Past is an unfathomable depth,
 Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
 Which had no mensuration, but hath been
 For ever and for ever.

Change of days

To us is sensible; and each revolve
 Of the recording sun conducts us on
 Further in life, and nearer to our goal.
 Not so with Time, — mysterious chronicler,
 He knoweth not mutation; — centuries
 Are to his being as a day, and days
 As centuries. — Time past, and Time to come,
 Are always equal; when the world began
 God had existed from eternity.

* * * * *

Now look on man

Myriads of ages hence. — Hath time elapsed?
 Is he not standing in the self-same place
 Where once we stood? — The same eternity
 Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
 His *past* is not of longer span than ours,
 Though myriads of ages intervened;
 For who can add to what has neither sum,
 Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
 Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?

Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confest
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in! — Can the less
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders? — Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights — to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind excursive to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy
brake,
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought, and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys:
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,

A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village-mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude, — he turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchain'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly condemn the Lord of Hosts?
What is philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
A mortal man to set his judgment up
Against his Maker's will? — The Polygar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men! — O! I would walk
A weary journey, to the furthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? E'en as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.

Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,

Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream.
 Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
 And then record its downfall, what are they
 But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
 Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
 Its stated aeras? Doth the Omnipotent
 Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
 There is to God nor future nor a past;
 Throned in his might, all times to him are present;
 He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
 He sees before him one eternal *now*.
 Time moveth not! — our being 'tis that moves:
 And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
 Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
 Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days;
 So the young sailor in the gallant bark
 Scudding before the wind beholds the coast
 Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
 Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
 And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!

Are the illusions of this Proteus life;
 All, all is false: through every phasis still
 'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
 The semblances of things and specious shapes;
 But the lost traveller might as soon rely
 On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
 Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
 O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
 As we on its appearances.

On earth

There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
 As well the weary mariner, whose bark
 Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
 Where Storm and Darkness hold their drear domain,
 And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
 To expectation of serener skies,
 And linger in the very jaws of death,
 Because some peevish cloud were opening,
 Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;
 As we look forward in this vale of tears
 To permanent delight — from some slight glimpse
 Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.
 The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond

The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation. — He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude. — Even in death,
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre. — The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed. — Even He,
The Holy One — Almighty — who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.
Thou, proud man, look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud
The Night's imperial chariot; — telescopes
Will show thee myriads more innumerable
Than the sea-sand; each of those little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun
Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel, every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing! — Yet of thee the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and condemn
His heavenly providence? Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.
How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour;
How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!

God of the universe! Almighty one!
 Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
 Or with the storm thy rugged charioteer,
 Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
 Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
 The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
 And reimest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
 Goes down towards erring man, I would address
 To Thee my parting paeon: for of Thee,
 Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
 Art Time and Space, sublime Infinitude,
 Of Thee has been my song — With awe I kneel
 Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
 My God! my Father! — I will sing to Thee!
 A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
 Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
 The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
 And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
 Rise, Son of Salem! rise, and join the strain,
 Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
 And leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
 To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
 And hallelujah, for the Lord is great
 And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
 Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has
 thought

Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews
 Of morn, and perish ere the noon-day sun.
 Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful:
 He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
 To rage its hour, and perish; but on man
 He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
 The eagle falls from her aërial tower,
 And mingles with irrevocable dust:
 But man from death springs joytul,
 Springs up to life and to eternity.
 Oh that, insensate of the favouring boon,
 The great exclusive privilege bestow'd
 On us unworthy trifles, men should dare
 To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,
 And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear
 In wrath, "They shall not enter in my rest."
 Might I address the supplicative strain,
 To thy high foot-stool, I would pray that thou

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Would'st pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dead sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.

Oh! I shrink,

My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when in vengeance clothed,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,
And stormy ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven;
When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep!
The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey,
The bellowing floods shall disembody their charge
Of human victims. — From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop their risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Carribean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast * * * realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
Thou first shalt summon the elected saints
To their apportion'd Heaven! and thy Son,
At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pangs.
Then shalt thou seize the avenging scymitar,
And, with a roar as loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode,

Down the immitigable gulf, to wail
And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

* * * * *

Rear thou aloft thy standart. — Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high! — Invincible, and throned
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway,
Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,
Unmoved and headless, thou dost hear the rush
Of mighty generations as they pass
To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
Who shall contend with Time — unvanquish'd Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation? — Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours and days, and years and centuries,
They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
The young are old, the old are in their graves.
Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;
It was the voice of people, — mighty crowds —
Again! 'tis hush'd — Time speaks, and all is hush'd;
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All — yea, the whole — the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard. — Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.
But dost thou know the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamant throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more*.
Yea, he doth come — the mighty champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ! — He comes
To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time. — Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens! — They rise, the myriads
rise —

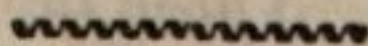
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the
chains
Of torpor — He has ransom'd them, * * *

Forgotten generations live again,
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood: — the righteous of their times
Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor with her of Heaven, — a flower
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
And hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies — at distance fall —
Again more loud — The hallelujah's swell;
The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
They glow, they burn; and now with one accord
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
Who bled for mortals.

* * * *

Yet there is peace for man. — Yea, there is peace
Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
When from the crowd, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set (in his late walk
O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
And with fixt eye, and wistful he surveys
The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
Far from the unquietness of life — from noise
And tumult far — beyond the flying clouds,
Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
Where change shall cease, and time shall be no more.

* * * *



THE CHRISTIAD,

A DIVINE POEM.

This was the work which Henry had most at heart. His riper judgment would probably have perceived that the subject was ill chosen. What is said so well in the *Censura Literaria* of all Scriptural subjects for narrative poetry, applies peculiarly to this. "Any thing taken from it, leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it, disgusts and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings; if they contain only what is in the Scriptures, they are superfluous; if what is not in them, they are false." — It may be added, that the mixture of mythology makes truth itself appear fabulous.

There is great power in the execution of this fragment. — In editing these remains, I have, with that decorum which it is to be wished all editors would observe, abstained from informing the reader what he is to admire and what he is not; but I cannot refrain from saying that the two last stanzas greatly affected me, when I discovered them written on the leaf of a different book, and apparently long after the first canto; and greatly shall I be mistaken if they do not affect the reader also.

BOOK I.

I sing the cross! — Ye white-robed angel choirs
 Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,
 Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires
 Were wont of old your hovering watch to keep,
 Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,
 Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
 Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
 Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
 And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled state,
 Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground!
 Fallen is thy pride! — Thine halls are desolate!
 Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly
 sound,
 And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,

There breeds the wild fox lonely, — and aghast
 Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
 Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
 Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
 Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
 Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
 While stern Destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
 That thou didst dare insult God's eldest born:
 And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
 Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
 Rose on his fortunes — and thou saw'st the fire
 That came to light the world, in one great flash expire.

Oh! for a pencil dipt in living light,
 To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
 Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
 To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore,
 While seraph hosts the lofty paeon pour,
 And Heaven enraptured lists the loud acclaim!
 May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
 May he to human ears his weak song frame?
 Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

Spirits of pity! mild crusaders, come!
 Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float,
 And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
 And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
 And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
 Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
 Whose mild eye's lumined what Isaiah wrote,
 Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
 And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
 Satan o'ercome, fell down; and 'throned there,
 The son of God confest, in splendour shone;
 Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
 Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

* * * *

Fled the stern king of Hell — and with the glare
 Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
 Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his head.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late
The rude Massagetae adored, he bend
His northering course, while round, in dusky state,
The assembling fiends their summon'd troops
augment,
Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they went
While as they passed to regions more severe,
The Lapland sorcerer swell'd with loud lament
The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes
around,
There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic-hall, where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound
The smok-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye
Thrones him,—and fix'd on his primaeval mound,
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert
way.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night
(Sweet interchange, which makes our labours
light.)
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to
rise.

'Twas there, yet shuddering from the burning lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
When parting last he fondly hoped to shake
Messiah's constancy,—and thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree
Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
The unerring ways of Him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent,
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering obscured the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, Meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropt on the echoing ice. Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till, wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they sur-
round.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prankt with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence;— now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-tost,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began
His fierce harangue:— "Spirits! our better days
Are now elapsed; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks!— The astonish'd nations
gaze!
For us is lifted high the avenging rod!
For, spirits, this is He,— this is the Son of God!."

What then!— shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
Drop from his unnerved arm the hostile spear?
Madness! The very thought would make me
fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
And hurl them at their Maker!— Fix'd as fate
I am his Foe!— Yea, though his pride should
deign
To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fixt, unalterable hate.

Now hear the issue of my curst emprise,
 When from our last sad synod I took flight,
 Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
 To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
 His own self-condemnation; in the plight
 Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
 Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
 And, leaning on my staff, seem'd much to guess
 What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

Then thus in homely guise I featly framed
 My lowly speech: — "Good Sir, what leads this
 way
 "Your wandering steps? Must hapless chance be
 blamed
 "That you so fair from haunt of mortals stray?
 "Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
 "Nor trace of man have seen; but how! methought
 "Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
 "I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
 "That he to fallen man the saving promise brought."

"I am that man," said Jesus, "I am He!
 "But truce to questions — Canst thou point my
 feet
 "To some low hut, if haply such there be
 "In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
 "With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
 "For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
 "Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
 "And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
 "Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing
 near."

Then thus I answer'd wily: — "If, indeed,
 "Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
 "For food from men? — Lo! on these flint stones feed,
 "Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
 "And living rills from yon parch'd rock will
 break."

Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
 Fix'd on my face; — the blood forsook my cheek,
 I could not bear his gaze! my mask slipp'd by;
 I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power fly.

Then he rebuked me with the holy word —
Accursed sounds! but now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
Up to the summit, where extending wide
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried.
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

"Behold," I cried, "these glories! scenes divine!
"Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays,
"And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
"If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise,
"Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
"Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
"Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways!
"Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,
"Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and
splendour gain."

"Is it not written," sternly he replied,
"Tempt not the Lord thy God?" Frowning he
spake,
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,
Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,
And smote me earthward. — Jove himself might
quake
At such a fall: my sinews crack'd, and near,
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine
ear.

Senseless and stunn'd I lay: till, casting round
My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
By volant angels; and as sailing slow
He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sun-beam,
Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's
dream.

I saw blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
 I smote the ether with my iron wing,
 And left the accursed scene. — Arrived at length
 In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
 The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
 Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten and dismay'd!
 O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
 Defiance at his maker, while array'd,
 High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners play'd!

Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph
 long;
 Hell yet shall have revenge. — O glorious sight,
 Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,
 I see wild Agony's lean finger write
 Sad figures on his forehead! — Keenly bright
 Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
 Stand the hot tears, — immantled in the night,
 Lo! he retires to mourn! — I hear his cries!
 He faints — he falls — and, lo! — 'tis true, ye powers,
 he dies.

Thus spake the chieftain, — and as if he view'd
 The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced,
 And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
 While under his uplifted shield he glanced
 With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,
 On viewless air; — thither the dark-platoon
 Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save when there
 danced
 The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
 Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks. — The breeze
 Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
 When all the midnight gasping from the seas
 Break boding sobs. and to his sight expands
 High on the shrouds the spirit that commands
 The ocean-farer's life; so stiff — so sear
 Stood each dark power; — while through their
 numerous bands
 Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
 Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge
 appear.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
 Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
 Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
 His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
 His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
 From his pale quivering lip, but died away
 For very fury; from each hollow cell
 Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,
 And * * * *

"This comes," at length burst from the furious
 chief,

"This comes of distant counsels! Here behold

"The fruits of wily cunning! the relief

"Which coward policy would fain unfold

"To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven
 of old!

"O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!

"And, lo! our prince — the mighty and the bold,

"There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,

"While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her
 standard there."

Here, as recover'd Satan fix'd his eye

Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;

He wrapt his black vest round him gloomily,

And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts
 concern.

Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn

His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,

"The lord of Hell, who bade these legions spurn

"Almighty rule — behold he lays aside

"The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man
 defied."

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue

Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat

In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,

The famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,

Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's
 feet.

Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword

Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the
 seat

Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

* * * *

Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but like a cormorant, hovers over the field to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learnt, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer: In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

* * * *

Thus we shall pierce our conqueror, through the
race

Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away the coward wiles!—Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard!—Be our torch the glare
Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!

Him answering rose Mecashpim, who of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,

Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold
 And mystery. His wandering spirit roves
 Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
 And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,
 Where stood his temple, and where fragrant
 cloves
 And cinnamon unheap'd the sacred pyre,
 And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.

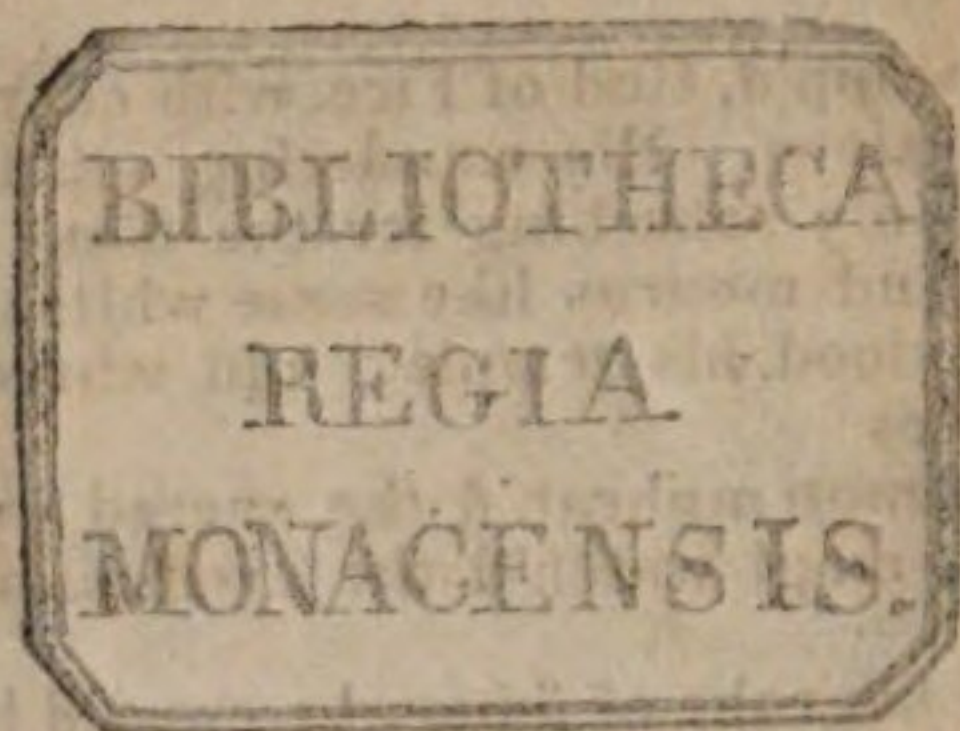
He waved his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
 And sighing — his papyrus scarf survey'd,
 Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
 The troubled council:

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
 With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
 Of god-like deeds, far loftier than beseem
 The lyre which I in early days have strung;
 And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
 The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
 On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
 With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
 Or, when the breeze comes by, mean, and are heard
 no more.

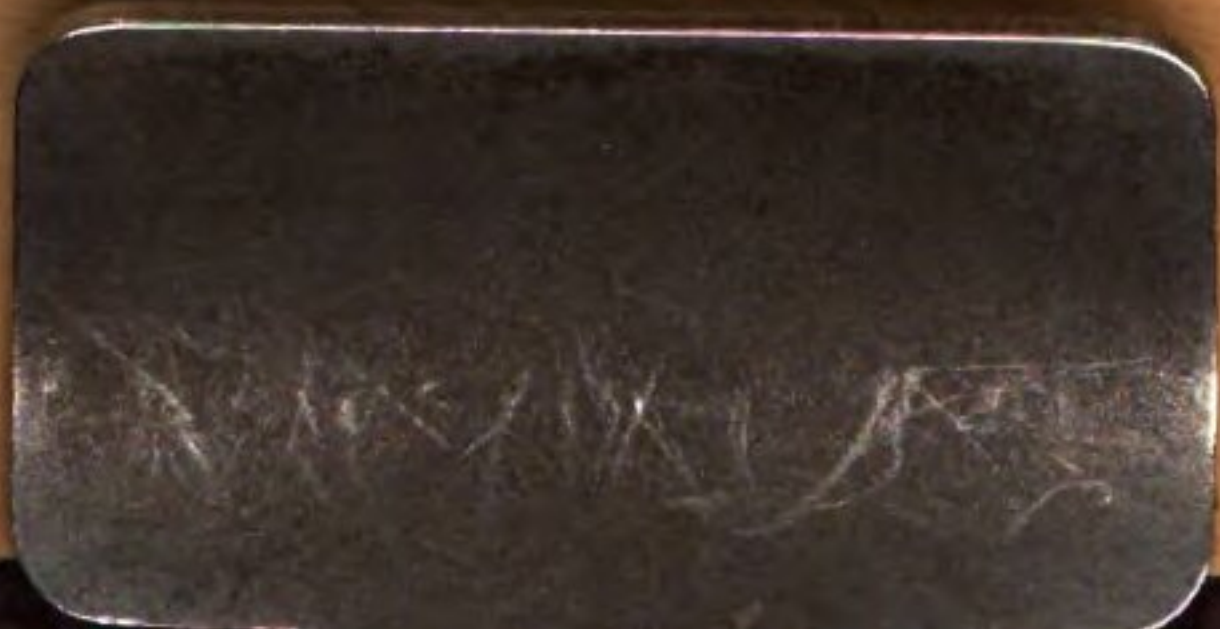
And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
 Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
 Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
 Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
 One little space prolong my mournful day!
 One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
 I am a youthful traveller in the way,
 And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
 Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am
 free.

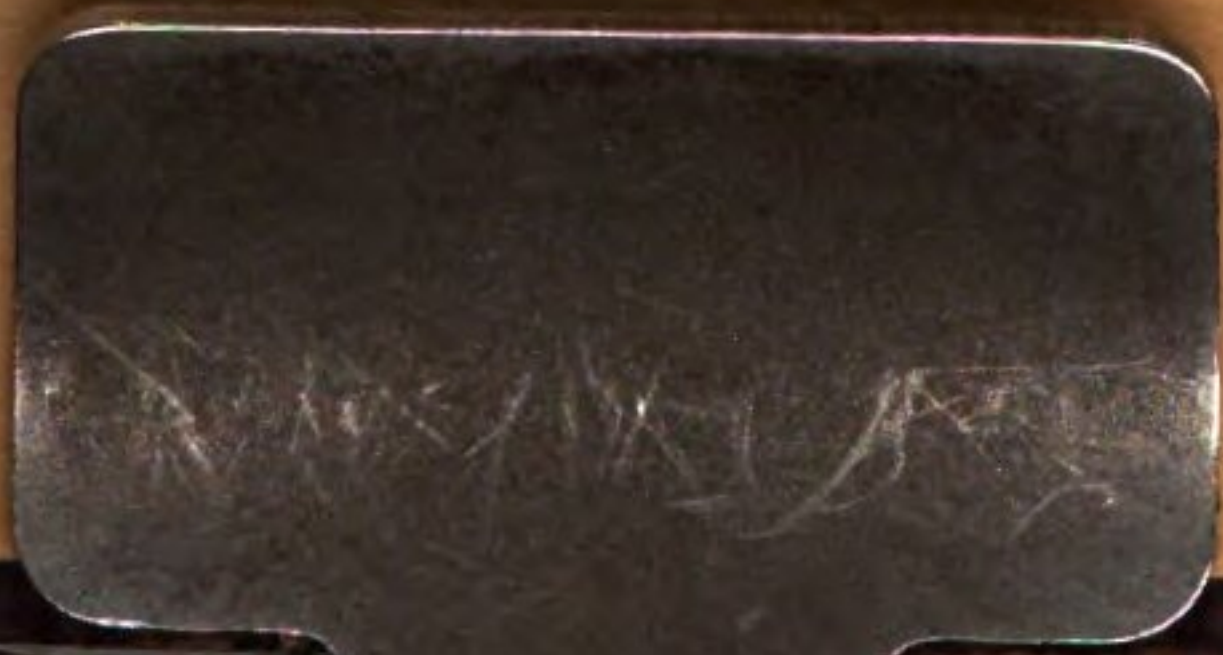
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White, Henry Kirke,

The Remains of Henry Kirke White with an account of his life

Nurnberg and New-York [1807]

P.o.angl. 468 m

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10750876-7